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[For the Saturday Press.]

"POEMET."—(AFTER WALT WHITMAN.)

WITH PARENTHESES, ANALYTICAL, ÆSTHETICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

BY SAERASMID.

Of an individual I or some one or any one loved day (i. e. some day) and night (i. e. ditto) I dreamed I heard some one told me he was dead, (which, considering the perishable nature of humanity, was not, perhaps, unprecedented)

And I dreamed I went where (I dreamed) they had buried him and he was not in that place, (having probably been removed)

And I dreamed I wandered promiscuously round among burial places to find him.

And I found that every place (of burial) was a burial place,

The houses full of life were equally full of death. This house is now (a house).

The streets, courts, etc., etc., etc., (especially since the new city cleaning contracts) of New York, Philadelphia, *et al*, were as full of dead (vegetable and animal matter) as of living,

And fuller, O vastly fuller of the previous than of the subsequent.

And what I dreamed I have no hesitation in saying and I say it boldly now and for all time, (being the veritable Wandering Jew and Methuselah an infant to me)

And I stand henceforth *bound* to what I dreamed, (speaking, of course, in a Pickwickian and Congressional sense)

And now I am willing to disregard burial places and to dispense with them, (being the Wandering Jew, as aforesaid, and *ergo* not bury-able)

And if the memorials of the dead (i. e. posthumous biographies, etc.) were put up indifferently, (i. e. not well bound) everywhere, even in the room where I eat or sleep, I should be satisfied, (i. e. to accept 'em as additions to my library)

And if the corpse of any one loved by anybody (i. e. all corpses in general, none in particular) or if my own corpse should be "brayed in a mortar" and poured in the sea I shall be satisfied, not being able to help it, (and so would everybody else!)

Or if anything else should happen (as something probably will sometime or other in spite of W. W.) I shall be satisfied.

[For the Saturday Press.]

CAPRICES.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I. The Lesson of a Life.

Of that morbid isolation peculiar to men of intellect and genius, there is a fine study presented in the life of Jonathan Swift, the Irish Dean of St. Patrick's. "It is awful," says Thackeray, "to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I cannot fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart: the Kings can have no company." There is this difference though,—that the isolation of Goethe and Shakespeare was tranquil and serene. Over their lives bent a stainless blue sky, joyous with bird-music, full of fragrance, warm with the sunshine of Summer. But Swift, like Byron, dwelt apart from other men in an atmosphere of dark and lonely pride. Storm-clouds hung over him, wild and awful, through which the lightning tore, and the thunder rolled and crashed.

Review this man's life in panoramic picture. From beginning to end you will not find one scene of gladness in it. Scarcely a ray of light falls into the darkened chambers of that gloomy soul. In early manhood he is consumed by the hidden fires of pride and ambition. This is when he serves, as Secretary, that man of tinsel, Sir William Temple. In middle life he stands on a different eminence. The world knows him now, and fears him too. Whithersoever he turns, his enemies bow before him. He is high in prosperity; but, even here, how is he described by one to whom he had opened his heart? "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth." It is a brief phrase, that of the Archbishop's, but it means something! Still, his misanthropy is defiant, and he fights on to the last. He has more intellect than heart, and so his very *love* curses him,—for he will not give it way. His birthday he keeps as a day of mourning. His age is blasted by insanity, and thus he sinks away into the darkness of death. But genius is immortal. Those eyes, blue as an Autumn sky, glow yet in our fancy. That austere face, so rigid and stern, the brown locks shading into gray, the tall figure, the stately air,—we see them all! He is a living presence in the kingdom of imagination. We have his memory, and his example, and something too much of what he has written.

Now what is the meaning of this experience? Whence came all this suffering? He had great intellect; he had worldly success; he had sufficient wealth; he had no unequal share of disappointments; and he had such an offering of affection as few men have or deserve to have in this world! Why was he thus miserable? It is no very difficult question to answer. All such lives have one significance. He was the victim of egotism. An inevitable consciousness of self, untempered by large insight, consumed him utterly. To his distorted vision the rest of mankind appeared only as the spectators of that tremendous tragedy of life in which he was the sole actor. Whoever imagines that the sun rises and sets in the heavens only for him; that the moon nightly walks her radiant pathway through the silver skies, only to gladden his vision or light his way; that "this majestical roof fretted with golden fire" is but a regal canopy for his most august person; that for him only does the earth bring forth her fruit in its season; that all the grand symphonies of the sea, and all the sweet, strange voices of the air, speak to him alone; that the whole stupendous machinery of the Universe is upheld in action only that his life may be lived out,—whoever thus reasons of himself and his surroundings, shall find, on every hand, thick disaster and terrible disappointment. With great self-consciousness, with strong imagination, with vast desires, this practically was the intellectual attitude of Swift. One awful pall of satiety hung over his soul. He had gleams of light; but they only served to deepen the darkness that wrapped him round about. His life is one long rebellion. It is the strife of passion with eternal law.

There is another aspect of this intellectual experience which should not be overlooked. A radical defect in this man's life is the absence of any abiding faith. He has no genial confidence in human nature; no grand hope in the hereafter; no faith in any sublime spiritual destiny. Patience he has not. Peace is a stranger to him. An absence, in the man of genius, of this faith, indicates an absence of protecting insight into the nature and constitution of things. Hence there is no safeguard from satiety,—from that satiety which inevitable disappointment will inevitably bring. We have all of us ideals; all of us, at some time or another, high hopes. In the morning of life, who would see them destroyed? Yet, who that has learned to discern the shadow from the substance does not know that, as this world goes, they must all perish? The actual has no realization of the ideal. This experience has been very sweetly suggested in one of the poems of Alexander Smith:

> "Ah year by year life's fire burns out,
> And year by year life's stream runs dry:
> The wild deer dies within the blood,
> The falcon in the eye.
> And Hope who sang miraculous songs
> Of what should be, like one inspired,
> How she would right the ancient wrongs,
> (The generous fool!) grows hoarse and tired."

For in this narrow and sensual life, the hopes, the yearnings, the passionate aspirations of the soul, "the desire of the moth for the star," can find no response and no fulfilment. And if, amid the storms of the world, a man looks not out beyond this coffin of clay—if, through these mists and vapors, the white radiance of eternity shines not down into his soul—what wonder that his spiritual life stagnates within him!

If this life of ours is nothing more than a wild and fevered dream; if, amid this world's injustice, and tyranny, and wrong, we are only the prey of hopes which can never be realized and sorrows which can never be healed; if all our loves and all our ideals are but phantoms and mockeries; if the fires of disappointment must burn into our hearts and leave them all in ashes; if our highest destiny is bounded by the rewards of this world, and in eternity there is nothing,—then welcome the atheist's refuge! Welcome the grave from which there is no resurrection! Welcome anything that will smite us at once into nothingness and silence! If there be truth in this view of human life and human destiny, then let us rest in Lord Byron's philosophy:

> "Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
> Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
> And know, whatever thou hast been,
> 'Tis something better not to be."

But if this be a false and barren creed; if the high ideals of this life be the noble realities of the next; if there be for the soul, anywhere, that sublime spiritual destiny which it prefigures in its holiest moods and longs for with such passionate longing; if, when "this unsubstantial pageant" shall have faded, we may be lifted up into glory, and light, and eternal peace,—then, in this large faith, let us rest secure. For those dark souls that cannot see the light, let there be tenderness and compassion. The morning shall dawn for them by-and-by. But losing no just reverence for ourselves, let us yield more and more of reverence to those guiding spirits whose magical genius, faithful to itself, pours so richly into our hearts the mortal splendor of hope.

Few studies are so interesting as that of the mental experiences of genius, as those experiences may be gathered from a careful survey of the grandest productions in literature. Through these it is given us to look into the soul of Dante; to pass, with the "Divine Comedy" for a guide, through its gloomy caverns of darkness and its gorgeous halls of light; to trace, in the spiritual agonies of "Hamlet," the dark introspection, the soaring skepticism, the morbid gloom, the passionate despair, which Shakespeare must have felt and conquered; to mark in the audacious aspirations of "Faust" the conflict and the victory of Goethe's spirit; to breathe in "Manfred" those alternate "airs from heaven" and "blasts from hell" which murmured and moaned over the icy summits of Byron's intellectual life; to feel, in the self-centred seclusion of "Alastor," all the agony of doubt, all the divine thirst which Shelley felt in his search for knowledge "of what we are"; to discover in the gloomy paths of the "Bride of Lammermoor" what a depth of desolation had been sounded, even in the sunny nature of Walter Scott! Thus to measure these great souls—to grasp at a comprehension of their majestic sorrows and yet more majestic joys—is a noble and an elevating endeavor. But always it yields us the same moral fruits: that the man of genius, though by his deeper insight into the nature of things the natural guide of his fellow-men, is like them human; that for him as for all men there are hopes and fears, the discipline of sorrow and the consolation of faith; that selfishness is sin, out of which comes nothing but misery; that the duties of true religion are faith, love, and holy aspiration; and finally, that there is the same destiny of perfect spiritual grandeur and peace for the whole human race.

II. My Angel—Once!

I.

An angel she was, I haven't a doubt,
Though I never discerned her wings;
But it's fair to presume there are angels about
Unencumbered with any such things:
It is pleasant besides; and, wherever we go,
Though our hearts may be ever so cold,
Of all things, to be witched by sweet women, you know,
Is the green of our life—and its gold!

II.

She had eyes of a pure and brilliant blue,
And of course she had golden hair;
And the pearls of her pretty mouth shone through
The murmuring roses there:
You would love the snow of her gentle breast,
And the light of her gentle brow,
And her little hands!—and all the rest
That I cannot mention now!

III.

In the innocent days that are wasted and gone
She was gentle and true to me;
And still in my soul that love burns on—
A star on a rainy sea.
But the angel had wings, after all, and she flew
Far away o'er the pitiless tide:
Old Death lored her better than I, and he knew
The true way to make her his bride.

— At the time far Walter Scott was ruined by the failure of the Ballantynes, he sought, with the aid of his creditors, to recover all his copyrights for a final edition of his works. All had been recovered by purchase, except the fourth share of "Marmion," which belonged to John Murray. Lockhart was commissioned by his father-in-law to inquire on what terms the share might be repurchased; and the following was the instantaneous reply of

Mr. John Murray, Publisher, Albemarle street, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Edinburgh.

Albemarle street, June 8, 1820.

My dear Sir,—Mr. Lockhart has this moment communicated your letter respecting my fourth share of the copyright of "Marmion." I have already been applied to by Messrs. Constable and Messrs. Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honor of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it.

But there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful to me if I were to retain it longer. I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request.

This share has been profitable to me fifty fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated, and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion you will, I trust, do me the favor to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant, JOHN MURRAY.

[For the Saturday Press.]

GOLGOTHA.

A Phantasm.—[After Poe.]

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

While the embers flare and flicker, gathering shadows thick and thicker—
While the slender, shaded lamplight sheds a glimmer grey and dull—
On my mantel smoke-incrusted, o'er two war-knives hacked and rusted,
In my fascinated vision grins a dark and dented Skull!

Through the Midnight Forest leaping—Death's red harvest fresh from reaping—
Once this Skull was steeped and drunken in a revelry of gore:
In his crimson orgie shrieking, mad with lust, and murder reeking—
Thus the Blood-Avenger found him—smote him!—and he raved no more!

In that Forest, leaf-enfolded, many a nameless year he moulded,
Withered, shrivelled, fell to utter dry and desolate decay;
Till of all his savage glory naught there was to tell the story
Save this dark, uncouth, and dented Skull I found, and bore away!

With the coward-thought to mock it, in each eyeball's blackened socket
Once I set a globe of silver, as a dread and dismal jest—
O! full often has the glitter of those pale globes caused a bitter
Burst of sharp and sudden terror, to a timid twilight guest!

But, to-night, their flashes daunt me, and their changing glances haunt me,
And their cold glare shivers through me like a scimetar of ice!
Well I know their threat is seeming—that no life is in their gleaming,
Yet my soul is strangely troubled by my own accurst device!

Aye! my soul is strangely troubled! And my heart-throbs fiercely doubled;
And I cannot wrench my gaze from off those silver demon balls!
To my brain their blaze seems burning—ah! by Heaven! I saw them turning!
Yes! see—see them! there! they roll! O! God! a red light from them falls!

. . . . . .

How its white teeth glint and glisten! Listen! Am I mad? O! listen!
No! It speaks! I hear a whisper rattle through its hollow jaws!—
"With this jest my front adorning, Pale-Face, you are blindly scorning,—
Sadly, sorrowfully scorning all your Being's Primal Laws!"

"Count the dim descent of Ages! Turn Life's crisp and crumbling pages!
Is a single Leaf forgotten in this Golgotha of Doom?
Fool! You bear a fragile, carnal shroud around your ghastly charnel,
But to add another atom to the Inevitable Loom!"

"I have stripped my shroud before you: You, perchance, now wear it o'er you!
Every shred of Life is woven from the Dead Past, o'er and o'er!
Through the Years the Earth is heaving with this wierd and wondrous weaving—
And your slender thread but waiteth till the Loom hath need of more!"

. . . . . .

It hath ceased! There is no glimmer on the hearth! The lamp grows dimmer,
Dimmer, dimmer—now it flickers, flashes, wildly glares—is fled!—
Through the Darkness round me heaving, now, I hear a sound of weaving,
As a Mighty Loom were working, viewless, with a viewless thread!

Philadelphia, Feb. 8, 1860.

SHELLEY'S SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE.

The separation did not take place by mutual consent. I cannot think that Shelley ever so represented it. He never did so to me: and the account which Harriet herself gave me of the entire proceeding was decidedly contradictory of any such supposition. He might well have said, after first seeing Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, *Ut vidi! ut perii!* Nothing that I ever read in tale or history could present a more striking image of a sudden, violent, irresistible, uncontrollable passion, than that under which I found him laboring when, at his request, I went up from the country to call on him in London. Between his old feelings towards Harriet, from whom he was not then separated, and his new passion for Mary, he showed in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech, the state of a mind "suffering, like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection." His eyes were bloodshot, his hair and dress disordered. He caught up a bottle of laudanum, and said, "I never part from this." He added, "I am always repeating to myself your lines from Sophocles:

> Man's happiest lot is not to be:
> And when we tread life's thorny steep,
> Most blest are they, who earliest free
> Descend to death's eternal sleep.

Again, he said more calmly, "Every one who knows me must know that the partner of my life should be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither." I said, "It always appeared to me that you were very fond of Harriet." Without affirming or denying this, he answered, "But you did not know how I hated her sister."

The term "noble animal" he applied to his wife, in conversation with another friend now living, intimating that the nobleness which he thus ascribed to her would induce her to acquiesce in the inevitable transfer of his affections to their new shrine. She did not so acquiesce, and he cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by leaving England with Miss Godwin on the 28th of July, 1814.

Shortly after this I received a letter from Harriet, wishing to see me. I called on her at her father's house, in Chapel street, Grosvenor Square. She then gave me her own account of the transaction, which, as I have said, decidedly contradicted the supposition of anything like separation by mutual consent.

She at the same time gave me a description, by no means flattering, of Shelley's new love, whom I had not then seen. I said, "If you have described her correctly, what could he see in her?" "Nothing," she said, "but that her name was Mary, and not only Mary, but Mary Wollstonecraft."

The lady had nevertheless great personal and intellectual attractions, though it is not to be wondered at that Harriet could not see them.

I feel it due to the memory of Harriet, to state my most doubted conviction that her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless, as that of any who for such conduct are held most in honor.

Mr. Hogg says, "Shelley told me his friend Robert Southey once said to him, 'A man ought to be able to live with any woman. You see that I can, and so ought you. It comes to pretty much the same thing, I apprehend. There is no great choice or difference.'" —"Hogg:" vol. i., p. 428. Any woman, I suspect, must have been said with some qualification. But such a one as either of them had first chosen, Southey saw no reason to change.

Shelley gave me some account of an interview he had had with Southey. It was after his return from his first visit to Switzerland, in the autumn of 1814. I forget whether it was in town or country; but it was in Southey's study, in which was suspended a portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft. Whether Southey had been in love with this lady, is more than I know. That he had devotedly admired her is clear from his "Epistle to Amos Cottle," prefixed to the letters "Icelandic Poetry (1797);" in which, after describing the scenery of Norway, he says:

> Scenes like these
> Have almost lived before me, when I gazed
> Upon their fair resemblance traced by him
> Who sung the banished man of Ardebeil:
> Ah to the eye of Fancy held by her,
> Who among women left no equal mind
> Whom from this world she passed: and I could weep
> To think that she is to the grave gone down!

Where a note names Mary Wollstonecraft, the allusion being to her "Letters from Norway."

Shelley had previously known Southey, and wished to renew or continue friendly relations; but Southey was repulsive. He pointed to the picture, and expressed his bitter regret that the daughter of that angelic woman should have been so misled. It was most probably on this occasion that he made the remark cited by Mr. Hogg: his admiration of Mary Wollstonecraft may have given force to the observation: and as he had known Harriet, he might have thought that, in his view of the matter, she was all that a husband could wish for.

Few are now living who remember Harriet Shelley. I remember well, and will describe her to the best of my recollection. She had a good figure, light, active, and graceful. Her features were regular and well proportioned. Her hair was light brown, and dressed with taste and simplicity. In her dress she was truly *simplex munditiis*. Her complexion was beautifully transparent; the tint of the blush rose shining through the lily. The tone of her voice was pleasant; her speech the essence of frankness and cordiality; her spirits always cheerful; her laugh spontaneous, hearty, and joyous. She was well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good; and her whole aspect and demeanour such manifest emanations of pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly. She was fond of her husband, and accommodated herself in every way to his tastes. If they mixed in society, she adorned it; if they lived in retirement, she was satisfied; if they travelled, she enjoyed the change of scene.

That Shelley's second wife was intellectually better suited to him than his first, no one who knew them both will deny; and that a man, who lived so totally out of the ordinary world and in a world of ideas, needed such an ever-present sympathy more than the general run of men, must also be admitted; but Southey, who did not want an intellectual wife, and was contented with his own, may well have thought that Shelley had equal reason to seek no change.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

GETTING THE PONY SHOD,

And What Came of it.

I went to the smith's one sultry day,
For shoes for my favorite pony,
And I stood in the door of the shop, the while,
And played with the watch-dog, Tony.

Then I watched the sparks from the flaming forge,
And talked to the smith of the weather;
Till, what with the heat and with nothing to say,
I grew thirsty and dull together.

When, down by the well, through the garden gate,
Seeing Susan, the blacksmith's daughter,
I brushed the cool-dust from my face, and went
To ask for a drink of water.

The bucket was heavy, the chain was long,—
You would say so, too, if you saw it;
'Twas down in the well, and my arm was strong,
So I offered, of course, to draw it.

She thanked me; we leaned on the cool, wet curb,
The soft shadows over us gliding,
As she filled the pail, remarking, the while,
"'Tis a very warm day for riding."

"Yes," I answered, and took from her small brown hand
A bright dipper brimming over,
And thought while I drained it in sight of her smile,
How happy must be her lover.

I stepped slowly across the flagstones wet,
When she said, without blush or flurry,
"Your pony can't surely be waiting yet,
And why need you be in a hurry?"

So I carried the pail to the kitchen door,
Where lay sleeping my old friend Tony;
She talked to me while I was resting, and said,
With the rest, she "wished *she* had a pony."

"You may ride mine," I said, and so the next day
I sent it by Cyrus, her brother;
But the pony had life, and, alone, wasn't safe,
So I went, just to make up the other.

Well, Susan liked riding, and I liked it too;
So we tried it, of course, quite often,—
Till, at last, the short days of the Autumn grew
Too chill for the sun to soften.

Then to Susan I said, "Since we cannot ride,
This dreary November weather,
If you think you would like it as well, my dear,
Suppose we try walking together?"

"Will you walk with me, always?" I said, and as she
Said not "nay," I took it for granted,—
For "silence is yea," so the old adage says;
And silence was just what I wanted.

— The London papers recently recorded the death of Mr. John Austin, the husband of Mrs. Sarah Austin, the eminent translator of the German, and the father of Lady Duff Gordon, also known in the same capacity. With all his acquirements and reputation in private society, Mr. Austin was a man of one book, "The Province of Jurisprudence Determined," but published so far back as 1832, the appearance of which at once placed him at the head of the philosophical jurists of England. A new edition of it is in preparation, with important additions by its lamented author, and to be preceded, it is said, by a memoir of Mr. Austin from the pen of Lord Brougham.

— A history of Orange, N. J., is in course of publication. The editor, Rev. James Hoyt, has gathered the material from the old town records of Newark, from the collections of the New Jersey, New York, and other Historical Societies, from monuments in the old graveyards, from wills, deeds, and parish records, from private memoranda which have outlived the writers a hundred years, from local traditions and all available sources of information; he has gathered the most important particulars in the civil and religious history of this portion of the ancient township of Newark, a history running back through a period of two hundred years.—*Historical Magazine.*

[For the Saturday Press.]

THE BOBOLINKS ARE SINGING.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Out of a fragrant heart of bloom—
The bobolinks are singing!
Out of its fragrant heart of bloom,
The apple-tree whispers to the room,
"Why art thou but a nest of gloom,
While the bobolinks are singing?"

The two wan ghosts of the chamber there—
The bobolinks are singing!
The two wan ghosts of the chamber there
Cease in the breath of the honeyed air,
Sweep from the room and leave it bare,
While the bobolinks are singing.

Then with a breath so chill and slow—
The bobolinks are singing!
Then with a breath so chill and slow,
It freezes the blossoms into snow,
The haunted room makes answer low,
While the bobolinks are singing:

"I know that in the meadow-land—
The bobolinks are singing!
I know that in the meadow-land
The sorrowful, slender elm-trees stand,
And the brook goes by on the other hand,
While the bobolinks are singing.

"But ever I see, in the brawling stream—
The bobolinks are singing!
But ever I see in the brawling stream
A maiden drowned and floating dim,
Under the water, like a dream,
While the bobolinks are singing.

"Buried, she lies in the meadow-land!
The bobolinks are singing!
Buried, she lies in the meadow-land,
Under the sorrowful elms where they stand;
Wind, blow over her soft and bland,
While the bobolinks are singing.

"O blow, but stir not the ghastly thing—
The bobolinks are singing!
O blow, but stir not the ghastly thing
The farmer saw so heavily swing
From the elm, one merry morn of Spring,
While the bobolinks were singing.

"O blow, and blow away the bloom—
The bobolinks are singing!
O blow, and blow away the bloom
That sickens me in my heart of gloom,
That sweetly sickens the haunted room,
While the bobolinks are singing."

[From Harper's Weekly.]

WHAT A NEWSPAPER IS, AND IS NOT.

It is very natural to suppose that a man publishes a newspaper to benefit his fellow-men, as it is to believe that great poets sing for the pleasure of singing, and that novelists write for the pleasure of telling stories. The practical comment of experience upon this supposition is very incessant and very amusing, especially in the case of publishers and editors. Let the Lounger have a word with his many friends about it.

There are, probably, not a dozen papers in the country published as a positive loss for the sake of maintaining a principle. And it is a good thing that there are not; for, until a principle and its friends can support an organ, it has not yet really any need of an organ. It should be inculcated orally, and at individual expense.

But when periodicals are established, not as moral or other organs or agents, but simply as business enterprises, then they are to be managed like all other business. You have no more right to expect peculiar generosity or self-sacrifice of the man who undertakes it, than of a man who engages in shoemaking or cotton manufacturing. The object in all the cases is individual advantage. The proprietors, indeed, do not intend to outrage honesty or decency; on the contrary, they may have no doubt that honesty and decency pay; but their motive is not the interests of those two qualities, but their own private and especial advantage.

Among the attractions of the paper, let us suppose, is a brief and conspicuous advertising page. We will suppose the rates to be high, because it is the general habit to read well-printed and commanding advertisements. Now the theory is, and it is a perfectly just mercantile theory, that the money received for the advertisement is properly and fully balanced by its publication and the notice consequently attracted to the wares. The account is square. Mr. Smith brings the quality of his bug-powder plainly before the public, and Mr. Jones his exquisite edition of "Lalla Rookh."

Now imagine the polite Jones approaching the editor and saying that he has inserted an advertisement of his book, and paid for it, *and* would like an editorial notice! But an editorial notice is the most conspicuous and important of all advertisements; so that the editor can only reply, "Why should I *give* you more than Mr. Smith has *paid* for? and how long do you suppose I shall keep my other advertisers if I favor two or three, to the exclusion of all? On the other hand, if I give a notice to all, what is the value of my notice? It is soon seen to be only a part of the advertisement, and my editorial opinion has lost all its importance. If an advertisement in my columns is not worth the money you pay for it, you can, of course, cease to pay it at any moment. Also, please to take notice that it is only space in my paper, not my opinions, which is for sale. You may buy the room to announce your splendid edition of "Lalla Rookh," but if you wish me to speak of it editorially, how if I chance to think that it is fustian and rubbish, and say so? Or do you propose to pay me roundly for saying that, upon the whole, Tommy Moore is superior to Milton?"

That is what every editor may justly say to advertisers who wish "a notice." He must be impartial, and treat all his friends alike. If, indeed, any work upon an important or interesting subject be issued, he will naturally speak of it in connection with a topic which concerns everybody; but in so doing he will not make his notice of the subject a puff of the publisher of the book.

What is true of books is true of everything else. No sensible editor, of course, will omit to speak of the beautiful bindings (for instance) of beautiful books, if he thinks it to be an affair of real interest, or as showing improvement or unusual excellence; but the point is, that part of his capital as a sagacious editor is a power of just discrimination, and a perfect willingness to say No to everybody who wants his own axe ground, upon the claim that everybody is interested in that particular edge.

And if all this be true of an editor and a proprietor, think of a mere Lounger, and what is true of him!

— Murray, who at first refused Irving's Sketch Book, afterwards gave the author four hundred pounds for it. Subsequently he offered one thousand guineas for "Bracebridge Hall," gave two thousand pounds for the "Chronicle of Granada," and no less than three thousand pounds for the "Life of Columbus."

[For the Saturday Press.]

PICKINGS.

The play of "Jeanie Deans," at Laura Keene's Theatre, created a profound impression on my mind. Perhaps I'm wrong to say the play, for it was the fine lifelike personification of Miss Keene in the part of Effie Deans, that so wrought upon my sympathies.

Woman is the subject of my thoughts—not as God imaged her, pure, confiding, unaffected,—but as society forces her to be. Society! A miserable state of uncomfortable being. An existence where the greatest liar is the most adept and polite member,—where man is the personification of selfishness, and woman, who should be the type of loveliness and innocence, is made the beau ideal of vanity and deceit,—where the noble promptings of the heart are silenced,—the perfect image God implanted on man's soul washed out.

The story of Effie Deans is brief. Its truthfulness frequently exemplified in common life. A young girl sacrifices at love's altar all that which the maiden most highly prizes. Time rolls on; she is cursed by her parent, condemned by her friends. Eventually she is accused of infanticide (a crime the poor woman is strongly tempted to commit by the lamb-like and forgiving laws of society, and the charitable doctrines of its most respected members). She is tried for a crime, the punishment for which is death, and when she is asked who her betrayer was, refuses to give the name of him she loves. The man who has separated her from her family, ruined her good name, robbed her of all earthly joy, and perhaps brought her to an ignominous death, she refuses to betray, because she loves. This noble woman is denounced by Christians, contemned by Society. I think that if the gates of heaven were wide as the universe, her soul could scarcely enter, 'twould be so big with goodness.

Do not let me be misunderstood. I stand not crime's defender. I am the supporter of the oppressed. Society is too ready to cry unclean, unclean! too willing to crush the unfortunate, thereby to gain the approving smile of its most revered members. For Conscience, the heart's dictates never said, Crush the unfortunate.

E. W. P.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I.

O, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high;
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès beside the Spanish Main.

II.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small-arms, and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free,
To choose their valiant captains, and obey them loyally.

III.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard, with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folks of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men, and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

IV.

O, the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids from bondage to Avès fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in from sea.

V.

O, sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees;
With a negro lass to fan you while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

VI.

But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must be,
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we;
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night,
And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from the fight.

VII.

Nine days I floated, starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till, for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

VIII.

And now I'm old and going. I'm sure I can't tell where
One comfort is, this world's so hard, it can't be much worse there.
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to see it once again.

— An interesting little work on "Cookery," lately published by Messrs. Routledge, the authorship of which is concealed by the subsriquet of "Tabitha Tickletooth," is from the pen of Mr. Charles Selby, the popular comedian and dramatist. The portrait of "Mrs. Tickletooth," which forms the frontispiece, and which is described as "from a photograph by Herbert Watkins," is from a veritable portrait of Mrs. Selby, the author's wife, dressed for a character which she recently played at the Strand Theatre.

— As great public interest has been expressed respecting the continuation of Lord Macaulay's "History of England," and some misstatements have gone forth, the London *Times* announces, on the best authority, that some progress had been made by Lord Macaulay towards the completion of another volume, and that a portion of the MS. is fully prepared for publication. Circumstances, however, will probably delay for some time the appearance of any further portion of the history.

— An able and vigorous defender of Lord Bacon's character has taken the field in *The Athenæum*, claiming a reconsideration of Pope's well-known epigrammatic dictum, which has passed current as the verdict of posterity. The first paper is employed in clearing away the charges of Lord Campbell and others against Bacon for ingratitude to the Earl of Essex, and contains several interesting letters of Bacon's hitherto unpublished.

— A curious book has been lately printed in London for private circulation, by Sir John Simeon. It is the contemporary account, in Italian, of the murder of the monster Cenci, and of the execution of his unhappy wife and children. This is the document, we believe, upon which Shelley founded his tragedy, and an extract, from which in English, is given in Mr. Moxon's edition of Shelley's works. It relates the horrible circumstances of the affair in a matter-of-fact and *sans* tone, which rather enhances than destroys the horror which attaches to it.

— The sole and original projector of the *Quarterly Review* was John Murray, the bookseller. It is a tradition that when the first numbers of the first *Quarterly* arrived from the binder's, a triumphal column of them was raised aloft with solemn joy in the counting-house; the best wine in the cellar was produced, and, glasses in hand, John Murray and assistants danced jubilant round the pile.

[For the Saturday Press.]

Leaves.

By Walt Whitman.

1.

The music always round me, unceasing, unbeginning—
 yet long untaught I did not hear,
But now the chorus I hear, and am elated,
A tenor, strong, ascending, with power and health,
 with glad notes of day-break I hear,
A soprano, at intervals, sailing buoyantly over the tops
 of immense waves,
A transparent base, shuddering lusciously under and
 through the universe,
The triumphant tutti—the funeral wailings, with sweet
 flutes and violins—All these I fill myself with;
I hear not the volumes of sound merely—I am moved
 by the exquisite meanings,
I listen to the different voices winding in and out,
 striving, contending with fiery vehemence to excel
 each other in emotion,
I do not think the performers know themselves—But
 now I think I begin to know them.

2.

A Leaf for hand in hand!
You natural persons old and young! You on the
 Eastern Sea, and you on the Western!
You on the Mississippi, and on all the branches and
 bayous of the Mississippi!
You friendly boatmen and mechanics! You roughs!
You twain! And all processions moving along the
 streets!
I wish to infuse myself among you till I see it common
 for you to walk hand in hand.

3.

Early in the morning,
Walking forth from the bower, refreshed with sleep,
Behold me where I pass—hear my voice—approach,
Touch me—touch the palm of your hand to my body
 as I pass,
Be not afraid of my body.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending February 11, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent Saturday Press, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—Harper's Weekly, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

Man—Moral and Physical; or, the Influence of Health and Disease on Religious Experience. By Rev. Joseph H. Jones, D.D., Pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia: 12mo. pp. 300. $1. Philadelphia: William S. & Alfred Martien.

The Day which the Lord Hath Made, and How He Made It; being a Scripture Demonstration of the Sabbath and the Sabbath Day from the Creation to the End of Time. Humbly Dedicated to the Legislature of Pennsylvania in Special, and to all the Christian People of these United States. By Nathaniel West, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Belmont Avenue, Philadelphia. pp. 18. Philadelphia: William S. & Alfred Martien.

POETRY.

Wolfe of the Knoll, and other Poems. By Mrs. George P. Marsh. 1 vol., 12mo. $1. New York: Charles Scribner.

Gifts of Genius: A Miscellany of Prose and Poetry. By American Authors. New York: Printed for C. A. Davenport.

TRAVELS, ETC.

An Arctic Boat Journey. By Dr. I. I. Hayes, late Surgeon to the Kane Expedition. 1 vol., 12mo. $1 25. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

Way-Side Glimpses, North and South. By Lilian Foster. 12mo. pp. 250. $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

HISTORICAL.

A Two Years' Journal in New York and its Territories (1679 and '80.) By Charles Wolley. A new edition with copious Historical and Biographical Notes by E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D. 8vo. To match Denton's New York. $2. Large paper, 4to, $5. New York: William Gowans.

Defence of Col. Timothy Pickering against Bancroft's History. By S. Swett. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

A Memorial of the Dedication of Monuments erected by the Moravian Historical Society, to mark the sites of ancient missionary stations in New York and Connecticut. 8vo. pp. 188. New York: C. B. Richardson.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life and Times of Gen. Sam. Dale, the Mississippi Partisan. By J. F. H. Claiborne. Illustrated by John McLenan. 12mo. pp. 233. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lectures on the English Language. By Hon. George P. Marsh. 1 vol., 8vo. 700 pages. New York: Charles Scribner.

Edgar Poe and his Critics. By Sarah Helen Whitman. 12mo. pp. 81. 75 cts. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

A French Onondaga Dictionary, from a Manuscript of the 17th Century. By John G. Shea. Library of American Linguists, No. 1. $4. New York: C. B. Richardson.

Norton's Literary Letter. Comprising the Bibliography of the State of New Hampshire, and other Papers of Interest: together with a Catalogue of a large collection of Works upon Bibliography and America. New Series No. 1. New York: Charles B. Norton.

Humanics. By T. Wharton Collins, Esq., Professor of Political Philosophy, University of Louisiana, ex-presiding Judge City Court of New Orleans, etc. 12mo. pp. 358. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M.A., Fellow of the Royal, Geological, Linnæan, etc., Societies. Author of Journal of Researches during H. M. S. Beagle's Voyage Round the World. 12mo. pp. 432. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Evenings at the Microscope; or, Researches Among the Minuter Organs and Forms of Animal Life. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. 12mo. pp. 480. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An Answer to Hugh Miller and Theoretic Geologists. By Thomas A. Davies. 1 vol., 12mo. Muslin $1 25. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

Elementary Anatomy and Physiology. For Colleges, Academies, and other schools. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., and Edward Hitchcock, Jr., M.D., teacher in Williston Seminary. 12mo. pp. 441. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robinson, M.A., the Incumbent. 12mo. pp. 425. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records, with special reference to the doubts and discoveries of Modern Times. By George Rawlinson, M.A. 12mo, cloth. $1 25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Christ in History. By Robert Turnbull, D.D. 12mo, cloth. $1 25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible. Part I. 32 Illustrations. New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

NOVELS, ETC.

A Life Struggle. By Miss Pardoe, author of Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century, Life of Francis I., King of France, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 451. $1 25. New York: W. I. Pooley & Co. 1860.

Lucy Crofton. By the author of Margaret Maitland, The Days of My Life, The Laird of Norlaw, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 222. $1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays, Critical and Miscellaneous. By T. Babington Macaulay. New and Revised Edition. 8vo. pp. 744. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Habits of Good Society. A Handbook for all. 1 large vol 12mo, muslin. $1 25. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

The Court of Rome and the Gospel, with Preface by Mr. Layard. London: John Murray.

Catholic Italy: Its Institutions and Sanctuaries. By Charles Hemans. Part I. Rome and the Papal States. Sold by Angiolo Garinei, Via Mercato Nuovo, Florence.

THEOLOGICAL.

Archaia; or, Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.G.S., Principal of M'Gill College, Montreal, author of Acadian Geology, &c. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Co.

The Confessional: A View of Romanism in its Actual Principles, Aims, and Workings drawn up chiefly from authoritative Papal sources, and earnestly recommended to the Dispassionate Consideration of Christendom. By John R. Beard, D.D., author of The People's Dictionary of the Bible, etc., etc. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: Simpkins, Marshall & Co.

NOVELS.

Cæsar Birotteau. A Translation from the French of De Balzac. This is the first of a series of Translations of De Balzac's works undertaken by Messrs. Saunders, Otley & Co. 6s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Nelly Carew. By Marguerite A. Power. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Memoirs of a Lady in Waiting. By the author of Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset in Caffraria. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

The Vicar of Lyssel: a Clergyman's Diary of 1729. Elegantly printed in antique type. 4s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Friarswood Postoffice. By the author of The Heir of Redclyffe. 18mo. 2s. 6d. London: J. & C. Mozley.

The Living Among the Dead: a Story founded on facts. By the author of Bienham, etc. 8vo. 6s. 6d. 2 vols. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

Getting On: a Tale of Modern English Life. 2 vols., pp. 980. London: Hogg & Sons.

The Cousin's Courtship. By John R. Wise. 2 vols., pp. 542. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Lethelier. By E. Heneage Deering, Esq. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Before the Dawn: a Tale of Italian Life. By Kate Crichton. 2 vols. Post 8vo. London: C. J. Skeet.

The Poor Governess; or, Pride and Humility. From Nathusius, by Mrs. Bushby. Crown 8vo. Half-a-crown; cloth, 3s. London: R. Bentley.

Tried in the Fire: a Tale. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels, author of My Sister Minnie, Our Guardian, Fernley Manor, Ruth Earnley. London: Newby.

The One Trial. 2 vols. 21s. London: Newby.

Atheline; or, The Castle by the Sea. A Tale. By Louisa Stewart. 8vo. 2 vols. 9s. London: J. H. & H. Parker.

Rubbing the Gilt Off: A West-End Book for all Readers. By John Hollingshead, author of Under Bow Bells, a City Book for all Readers. With an illustration. 8vo. 3s. 6d. London: John Camden Hotten.

The Land of the Kelt: a Tale of Ierne in the Days of the '98. From an unpublished MS. By Peter Paradox, M.D., deceased. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

The Hallow Isle Tragedy. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

The Little Beauty. By Mrs. Grey, author of The Gambler's Wife. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

POETRY.

Echoes from the Harp of France. By Mrs. H. M. Carey, Corresponding Member of Sciences, Arts, and Belles-Lettres of Caen, and authoress of Matilda of Normandy. 5s. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Wailings of the Lyre. By E. H. W. 4s. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

A Man's Heart. By Charles Mackay. 1 vol. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Poems. By G. F. Preston. F'cap, 8vo., cloth. 4s. 6d. London: W. Kent & Co.

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Gathered Together: Poems. By William Wilson, author of A Little Earnest Book upon a Great Old Subject, or Chapters upon Poetry and Poets, Such is Life, or Sketches and Poems, etc. 8vo. 5s. London: Longman.

HISTORICAL.

Arrest of the Five Members by Charles the First: A Chapter of English History re-written. By John Forster. London: John Murray.

Highlands and Highlanders: as They Were and as They Are. By William Grant Stewart. 5s. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

A History of Scottish Ecclesiastical and Civil Affairs, from the Introduction of Christianity to the Present Time. By the Rev. John Marshall. 5s. London: J. H. & James Parker.

MEDICAL.

Watery Eye, or Epiphora; its Successful Treatment, illustrated by J. Vose Solomon, Surgeon to the Birmingham Eye Infirmary, F.R.C.S. 8vo, with woodcuts. 2s. 6d. London: J. Churchill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Archaia; or, Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.G.S., Principal of M'Gill College, Canada. 1 vol., 8vo. 7s. 6d. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Co.

Epea Pteroenta; or, The Diversions of Purley. By John Horne Tooke. With numerous additions from the copy prepared by the author for republication. To which is annexed his letter to John Dunning, Esq. Revised and corrected, with additional notes, by Richard Taylor, F.S.A., F.L.S. pp. 740. London: Wm. Tegg.

Soldiers and their Science. By Captain Brabazon, R.A. 8vo. 7s. London: John W. Parker & Son.

Many Happy Returns of the Day: a Birthday Book. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. Post 8vo., illustrated by the Brothers Dalziel. 6s. London: C. Lockwood & Co.

The Bishop of Exeter's Letter to the Bishop of Lichfield, on Legalizing Marriage with the Sister of a Deceased Wife. London: John Murray.

The Congress and the Cabinet. By Lord Normanby. London: John Murray.

The Practical Results of the Reform Act of 1832. By Sir John Walsh. London: John Murray.

Dr. Wiseman's Popish Literary Blunders Exposed. By Charles Hastings Collette. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, and Lord High Chancellor of England. A new edition, revised and elucidated, and enlarged by the addition of many pieces not printed before. Vol. VII. Collected and edited by R. L. Ellis, J. Spedding, and D. D. Heath. London: Longman & Co.

Pagan or Christian? being Notes for the General Public on our National Architecture. Post 8vo. London: R. Bentley.

The New Facts of *The Athenæum*, in reference to Ben Jonson, examined, and some Facts of Real Importance in relation to the Macaulay and William Penn controversy displayed. (Printed for private circulation only, but copies will be forwarded to the principal London clubs.) London: Charles Wright.

Macaulay, the Historian, Statesman, and Essayist: Anecdotes of his Life and Literary Labors. With some account of his early and unknown writings. 8vo, 2s. 6d. London: J. C. Hotten.

Flights of Phœdo: a Singular Work on the Spirits of Peace and War. 1s. London: Wertheim & Co.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The Bateman Household and what became of them. By James Payn.

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TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

St. Hilda's Shrine. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, Feb. 11, 1860.

Doctor Oldham at Greystones, and His Talk there. 12mo. pp. 342. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Lucy Crofton. By the author of Margaret Maitland, The Days of my Life, The Laird of Norlaw, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 222. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Life and Times of Gen. Sam. Dale, the Mississippi Partisan. By J. I. N. Claiborne. Illustrated by John McLenan. 12mo. pp. 233. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. James White, author of a History of France. With a Copious Index. From the second Edinburgh edition. 12mo. pp. 538. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Humanics. By T. Wharton Collins, Esq., Professor of Political Philosophy, University of Louisiana, ex-presiding Judge City Court of New Orleans, etc. 12mo. pp. 358. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

History of France, from the Earliest Times to 1858. By the Rev. James White, author of The Eighteen Christian Centuries. 12mo. pp. 571. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

Norton's Literary Letter, comprising the Bibliography of the State of New Hampshire and other Papers of Interest, together with a catalogue of works upon Bibliography and America. New Series. No. 1. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1860.

Essays, Critical and Miscellaneous. By T. Babington Macaulay. New and Revised Edition. 8vo. pp 744. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late F. W. Robertson, M.A., the Incumbent. 12mo. pp. 425. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences: Being a Practical and Analytical Digest of the contents of the principal British, American, and Continental medical works published during the preceding six months; Together with a series of Critical Reports on the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences during the same period. Edited by W. H. Ranking, M.D., Physician to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and C. B. Radcliffe, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London. July to December, 1859. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. New York: Dexter & Brother. 1860.

The History of Ink, including its Etymology, Chemistry, and Bibliography. 12mo. pp. 72. New York: Thaddeus Davids & Co.

A Life Struggle. By Miss Pardoe, author of Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century, Life of Francis I., King of France, etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 451. New York: W. I. Pooley & Co. 1860.

The Texas Almanac for 1860. With Statistics, Historical and Biographical Sketches, etc., relating to Texas. Paper. New York: Latimer & Brothers.

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Special Notices.

To Ladies and Housekeepers.—A New and Improved RANGE for Roasting, Baking, and Broiling,—to be seen at **285 CANAL STREET,** Three doors from Broadway, East side.

Madame Busque, No. 6 Rue de la Michodière, begs to inform the American residents in Paris that she has removed her establishment to

NO. 40 RUE GODOT DE MAUROY.

Dinners, Breakfasts, Pumpkin Pies, Gingerbread, Buckwheat Cakes, etc., etc.

[Established 1815.]

William Everdell & Sons,

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Engravers and Printers.

104 Fulton (near William street), New York.

[From the *Press*, Philadelphia, October 7, 1859.]

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

To have a favorite piece of china chipped or broken, a pet book with its binding torn, a nice piece of furniture fractured, is a terrible and temper-destroying nuisance. Not without remedy, as we can testify. Mr. Spalding, who advertises his Prepared Glue in the *Press* to-day, sent us some of it yesterday. We devoted two hours to its practical application—result, two carved chairs completely restored, many odds and ends of china and glass made fit for use, a tattered map made as good as new, several daguerreotypes cases renovated, and an old folio edition of Herodotus and Homer, printed in the year 1500, whose antique boards (literally boards) were split, made strong enough to last for another century or two. We might have mended any quantity of children's broken toys, but caved in after an hour at the worst of them. This Prepared Glue, which is a liquid about as thick as glue, and applied by a brush which accompanies each bottle, is so indispensable in a house that we now wonder how we could have gone without it.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship CITY OF BALTIMORE, for Liverpool, Saturday, Feb. 11th, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

"FANNY."

A translation of the novel of "Fanny," by Ernest Feydeau, has been published—in rather a cheap and coarse style—by Messrs. Evert D. Long & Company, of this city.

It is a delicate task we have to perform in giving to this little story the critical notice it deserves. We can scarcely perform it without a violation of conventionality and the risk of suffering by the serious misconstruction of what we say. Nevertheless,—believing that the candid reader will do us justice, and caring not at all for the judgment of narrow and bigoted minds,—we cannot hesitate to say what we think of "Fanny."

And first we have to remark,—remembering that

> "Fanny was younger once than she is now
> And prettier, of course,"—

that this story is more charming in the original French than it is in its English dress. By saying this we do not mean to impute any fault to the translator. He has performed his task, or, more prettily speaking, his "labor of love," with judgment, taste, and skill.

The reader will perceive that we call "Fanny" a charming story. So in many essential respects it is. But the remark will be more correctly understood with an explanation.

The stereotyped form of the love-story would be amusing had it not come to be rather a bore. That a young man and a young woman love each other, or think they do, and so loving each other, desire and agree to be married; that the hero's inexorable poverty and the heroine's inexorable parents stand in the way of that happy consummation; that the course of true love never runs smooth and never ought to; that the lovers feel very bad and tell each other so a good deal and in a good many ways; that the inexorable parents procure a mercenary lover for their daughter and shut their stately doors upon the impecunious and distracted suitor, "poor but honest;" that, until the letters are intercepted, there is very much of that intimacy by scribbling which a highly respectable authority has declared to be the worst way of being intimate; that for the restitution and ultimate triumph of "honest worth" the rich old East Indian uncle suddenly turns up, with bags of rupees and a bad complaint of the liver; that the mercenary lover turns out to be a forger, a member of the Common Council, a writer for the *Ledger*, or something else dreadful and not to be heard of under any circumstances; that there is a sudden transfer of stock and a pathetic reunion of "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one;" that matrimony in high life finally shuts the scene, making everybody inexpressibly happy forever and ever;—these are incidents which possess, to a degree, the charm of familiarity. But, as we are unreasonable enough to admire originality, and something of that variety which is the spice of literature if not of life, we don't altogether appreciate the familiar incidents. In point of fact, as Cousin Feenix has it, we like almost everything in the shape of a story which is not the usual and popular thing at all. Perhaps this may be one reason why we find something to like in the story of "Fanny," considered merely as a story.

To explain the drift and intention of this novel, we shall quote from its Preface, which is the work of M. Jules Janin; and which, unlike the generality of prefaces, has a positive relevancy to the story, and is not tiresome in itself. We select the following passages:

> This book is a Milesian fable, a *Daphnis et Chloe* of the Parisian world, a drama where we are present at the first rendezvous, which is protracted and like the last. Here we have Fanny and her young lover. . . . She does not, indeed, resemble the ideal Eloise; nor has he anything of Raphael, the lover of Graziella, about him. I warn you that he behaves like a very young man, insignificant, apart from his passion; but living, curious, and very impassioned, when you take his love into consideration. For my part, I like extremely, in a little romance, these heroes who are no heroes at all; who are not constantly plunging headlong into an abyss or the street to save their mistresses; who are not a Liszt in music, nor an Ary Scheffer in painting; who are not as skilful horsemen as Monsieur Daurn, or such authors as Monsieur Villemain, or greater poets than Victor Hugo. Why, in this love story, we do not even know if this young man be handsome, well made, or charming. The author has even forgotten to tell us if he have blue eyes or black hair. When he says he is a young man, he has said everything. Neither he, nor Fanny, nor we, want anything more. We are present at the meeting of these two sweethearts, so joyous and gay—that's half the book; they meet to-day, they will meet again in a week; the young man waits patiently, the young lady hopes; they admire each other, they think of each other; they are contented and happy. . . . I relate you the story of a passion which few people acknowledge; and if I speak thus, it is because, first of all, I do not wish to set a trap for your curiosity. It is because we here see the adulterer carried away by torture, and yielding under his own madness, that I have ventured to recommend you to its affecting perusal. It has its violence and its dangers; it happens very often that the curtain gets awry and the fable is unveiled, it is true; but so much pain, and torture, and misery, and curses, redeem even the risk and danger. When this madness and envy have seized hold of Fanny's lover, nothing can be compared with that unfortunate creature or his profound despair. The earth shakes under his feet,—he sees nothing but clouds and curses overhead. This happy life, whose every moment brought its joy and festivity, in perfect satisfaction and bright sunshine, with all the little felicities of ardent love,—this happy but guilty life is disturbed forever. "Another, another than I." In vain that man is her husband; that man has authority over her, —has right, paternal power, law, possession, domestic roof, and the community of the same fortunes, and legitimate children with this woman, obedient to his every gesture, to the sound of his voice, to his whims, to his pleasure; this woman belongs to him, is his, whose honor he esteems as she esteems her own. Fanny's lover will neither see nor understand anything; he is jealous, he is furious, he is mad. These pages are worth a great deal; they contain a great lesson; they are full of eloquence, of advice, of jealousy, "which is born with love, but doesn't always die with it."

In reading "Fanny" we are reminded of "The Sorrows of Werter." The stories are entirely dissimilar; but each suggests the other. In "Werter" we study the emotional experiences—the alternations of passion, by turns peaceful or terrible—the dreams and longings, ending at last in utter despair and midnight suicide, of a young man, the devoted lover of a married woman, from whom he wins respect without affection, and that kindness which is worse than cruelty. The tragedy is all in one heart. The interest is all on one side. The story is neither comprehensive in scope, original in teaching, nor dignified in its intellectual and moral attitude. In "Fanny" we have two lovers and a mutual love. Their affection, beautiful in itself, is beautifully depicted. The incidents of their mutual experience,—so trivial yet so natural, and mostly so sweet,—are represented faithfully, with grace and with power. Their restless and complex emotions are traced and recorded with a truth as surprising as it is beautiful. In Fanny, we see the woman nature, longing after Love, and sacrificing all in her longing: In her lover, the man nature, passionate, jealous, absorbing, almost cruel, but tender and loving still. Side by side these two are, till the heaven of love is darkened and the storm sweeps them asunder. Everywhere this story glows with the interest of vital humanity. It is portion of that history of the human heart, never fully written and seldom written at all.

Concerning the question which has been raised as to the moral tone and propriety of this story, we have but little to say. It is our belief that people who make ostentatious display of their morality are, at heart, corrupt, depraved, and much to be distrusted. "When a man talks of his system," said Lord Byron, "it is like a woman talking of her virtue: I let them talk on."

We are perfectly well aware that in this story the heroine's relation to her husband is deceptive and therefore wrong. We appreciate equally well the conventional necessity by which the wrong comes. Such relations do not exist in fiction alone.

It is the simple truth that no code of laws, ever accepted and applied among men, is broad enough in scope or delicate enough in action to regulate the relation of the sexes in human society.

As to the interest inspired by this story, it will, in our judgment, be pure or impure, according to the nature of each individual reader. Moreover, it is according to the character of that interest that the book will be judged.

Those who are interested in licentious books, simply from licentious sympathy, are very numerous in all communities. Once let it be declared that this novel of "Fanny" is a licentious book, and it will possess irresistible attraction for a multitude of readers. As to their critical judgment we feel neither curiosity nor respect.

Those who are accustomed to judge everything by the established conventional standard, may characterise this story as shocking and disreputable. So judging, many will be sincere: others, echoing that judgment, will be hypocritical.

But to the poetic student of the human heart, and to the philosophic student of human society, this book will possess a pure interest and a powerful significance. To the one it will illustrate how the laws of human nature transcend the laws of human invention. To the other it will be a fervent protest against stupid conventionality and pitiless social evil.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

I hear much and very confusing talk about the Bohemian, at present. I had my idea of what this term implied, but I find it very different from the received definition here.

I thought the Bohemian was by nature, if not by habit, a Cosmopolite, with a general sympathy for the fine arts, and for all things above and beyond convention. The Bohemian is not, like the creature of society, a victim of rules and customs; he steps over them all with an easy, graceful, joyous unconsciousness, guided by the principles of good taste and feeling. Above all others, essentially, the Bohemian must not be narrow-minded; if he be, he is degraded back to the position of a mere worldling.

When I was in Paris I saw a woman who appeared to me to be the incarnation and the highest type of a *Bohémienne*. She had been left a widow with two children and a very large fortune. Instead of chaining herself to the wheels of society and following its prescription for disposing of her income, she determined to spend it in her own way. She gave up the large and gloomy house in which she had lived, and took instead a smaller and much gayer one. Half of her servants she immediately dismissed, retaining those who were the least calculated to make a display.

She thought silver but a bait for midnight robbers, and declining to make her house a trap, she deliberately and without a blush sold the immense accumulation of uncouth family silver, and installed in its place the most beautiful and dainty china and glass that Paris could furnish.

In opening the door of her house you felt that you breathed the love-sphere; everything seemed wrapped in its rosy beam. Entering the parlors, no chill splendor struck you with its utter uselessness; you hardly noticed the furniture at all, everything seemed so living and natural; but as you took the trouble to examine it, you became aware that the most luxurious taste had been indulged to its utmost extent. Nothing was too gorgeous to be used, all this inanimate luxury was merely the slave of the human body, which Madame held to be far above them all.

She was extremely hospitable, and entertained much company, but selected them with utter disregard to the mandates of society. Any entertaining person capable of giving and receiving pleasure in such social intercourse, no matter whether he were artist, poet, banker, statesman, or man of leisure, was equally welcome. There, all social distinctions of rank and wealth fell down, and the human man stood up for himself. Whoever tried to stand upon his bank-account found himself soon tacitly dismissed from the circle. In her presence, all men and women felt that the world's masks dropped from their faces, the world's hollow words died on their tongues, and the soul vindicated its right to the body.

In these entertainments, sometimes dinners and sometimes suppers, the viands were always of such a ravishing description that they might have brought the dead epicure back to life; but they were never served with any *useless* ceremony. No grim, mirth-destroying waiters and butlers stood behind the chairs, turning the guests into stone with their Gorgon scrutiny: servants were only present in the room when their service was required, and then they consisted of a couple of smiling French bonnes, with their jaunty embroidered caps and aprons.

Madame never entertained more than twelve persons at a time; it was one of her principles that large and troublesome parties should be given in the vast and convenient saloons of restaurants, where all care was removed from the mind, and everything was simply represented in money. She often laughed at those people who inhabited immense houses, and toiled all their lives long in taking care of them, with a view to having large rooms for the reception of company. To make one's self a slave every day, in order to be provided for an accidental emergency, she held to be very absurd.

In her toilet was developed the most ecstatic perfection of French taste in dress, which all the world knows is the only standard of taste, yet she was never afraid to be seen unadorned. She would receive the proudest and wealthiest peers of France in a calico robe, whose cost might have been twenty cents a yard, and receive him not only without an apology, but with more stateliness than when attired in her most superb garments. In high dress, her desire seemed to be to draw attention away from her toilet. She was never out of the fashion, and yet never ridiculously in it. If ever a thing became the mode which was unbecoming to her face or form, she was sure to modify it in some slight way, so as to make it the perfection of grace and beauty.

Her chief delight was in impromptu suppers, where a few choice spirits happened to be gathered together at her house. Often she would dismiss her servants to bed, and serve the company herself. She did not make her guests feel that sensation of discomfort which arises from putting the hostess to trouble; on the contrary you felt as if she were a goddess, and annoyance could not approach her. Everything moved around her by magic as if smitten with the deep, full harmony of her nature, and before the heaven of her violet eye, discord sickened and fell dead.

She would descend into the wine-cellar, and bring up with her own hands, covered with jewels whose value could not be estimated, bottles of dusty wine that were worth their weight in gold,—performing with her own splendid hands offices that a lady's maid would have scorned, and with a simple dignity that made them majestic from her touch.

She kept her own hours, despised mere convention, neither paid nor received formal visits, and in everything followed the dictates of high taste and kindly feeling with an utter defiance of established forms. She laughed at and despised the so-called public opinion, and was so much above it in purity, sincerity, and every noble quality that makes man almost on a level with angels, that it either would not or dared not censure her.

She did not go out to seek objects of charity among unknown creatures, with ostentatious purpose and action, but to those who came in her immediate sphere, she was an angel of love and mercy. She had not the vanity to suppose she was called upon to cultivate the desert ferns of Africa; she was content to care for and cherish the flowers that grew in her own garden.

With a natural taste, even a thirst for luxury, she was able to deprive herself of it without a murmur. When she travelled, no one bore the discomforts of travelling with the smiling cheerfulness that she did. No road was too rough for her, no ship's cabin too confined, no wretched roadside inn too squalid. Her own waiting-maid suffered more from the inconvenience of voyaging than she did. Everything that was romantic, instructive, amusing, seized upon her mind in foreign countries; the disagreeable had no chance with her at all.

All her pleasures, however, she enjoyed with the simplicity of a child, whether at home or abrod. Her passion for music was extreme. Although she had held a box in the Italian Opera for ten years, the first pathetic scene would bring warm tears to her eyes sooner than to those of the most sentimental young girl in the house.

No one could approach this woman without an emotion; her presence thrilled the room where she was, and dissolved the hidden selfishness and meanness from the heart, ere one was aware. Her face was perfectly beautiful, her form would have reduced Venus to despair, and her fervent good sense, quick perception, and wondrous natural intelligence, made her a fit companion for the largest minds of the age.

Having in my mind's eye such a type as this, it is no wonder that I cannot appreciate the definition of the Bohemian with which our Sunday papers ring.

They lead us to suppose that the Bohemian must be poor. That he must take pleasure in keeping his boots and his cheese in the same drawer. That he delights in cooking upon his shovel and tongs, and in eating out of the coal-scuttle. That he essentially drinks very much, and becomes affected by liquor. That he must go about, making himself ridiculous, by exposing his private views and feelings to the public, which cannot understand him. That he must shock people's religious and social sentiments by all sorts of harsh, anathematizing onslaughts upon such sentiments. That he should prefer to spend his money on bad liquor, instead of defraying the just debts which he necessarily contracts. That he should speak sneeringly of women; and that he should wilfully let go the true paradise of the body, by sinking himself into a mere slough of carnalism, turning a blind eye to the strong food that Heaven is forever dropping abundantly down to those who choose to receive it, and preferring, like unclean birds, to feed upon the garbage in the gutters.

I will not accept this definition of the Bohemian. I will not believe it,—I will not listen to it.

And thou, loveliest image of womanly grace, if thou art not the type of the Bohemian, thou shalt be to me the type of all that is noble among women; for thou hast taught me, that in the midst of every narrow thought, and unvirtuous morality, and uncharitable harshness of code, one woman can spread forth the white wings of an angel, and rising above them all, draw up to her own ardent height those who assemble around her; for thou hast taught me how near beauty, and truth, and purity, and passion, are to God!

[For the Saturday Press.]

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

VII.

Human nature! Isn't it a puzzle? Inanimate nature is direct and simple, even in its mysteries; but human nature is as tortuous as a serpent, coiling a thousand ways, to avoid a thousand enemies. How hard it is to divine the aims or objects of any man or woman one meets! They are not manifest in what he or she says or openly does, but most probably hidden both by manner and speech. The hero of romance, walking through a realm of magic, was not exposed more continually to deception than we are among our fellow-creatures.

What wonder, then, that I prefer to talk with inanimate nature, whose illusions arrive from the imperfections of my senses, and who does not attempt to cheat and deceive me at every turn? How often every day, am I forced to smile at men (who deem themselves, and perhaps are, my superiors in intellect) for inconsistencies and vanities worthy of a child. They think I have no right to publish, because I do not understand the grand art of authorship. Thank Heaven, I do not! They sneer at the writer of the "Leaves from Nature," because in his earnestness he betrays his simplicity, and forgets to say what he does not mean nor feel. Of course it is very stupid in me to allow my language to be simply the vehicle to convey my impressions, but I cannot help it.

Let me speak my heart then—for I relinquish all claim to authorship.

It is amusing even to laughter, to see and hear men who have lived all their lives upon the brains of others, whose craniums are so crammed with the "army of good words the fool hath planted in his memory," as to be incapable of entertaining an original thought, attempt to ridicule me, for the want of some new and salient characteristics. They speak what they do not believe, one thing to-day and another to-morrow. They get their authorship from art and reading, as the fountain its water from the living brook, to play and splash from mechanical force in an endless round without vitality. From works in English, they seem to have acquired a perfect right to steal; and, when they translate from the French and christen afresh, they consider him hypocritical who questions their originality—in which, indeed, they almost persuade themselves to believe. Such is the potency of human vanity, which has made me turn aside from the contemplation of man, to the study of that Nature in which God alone lives and moves, and from which, without perversion, his love and benevolence breathe forever. So many illustrious pilgrims have preceded me in their worship at the shrine of Nature, that what I can say must necessarily appear meagre and commonplace, after hearing the language of their inspiration.

Yet I know my words are not valueless, for they are heartfelt and therefore true to Nature; and I hold that the waving of a leaf, being a natural action, is more truly admirable than the most exquisite bow of a French dancing-master, which is really meaningless.

Nature is always constant, but man is a cluster of inconsistencies. Well it is that poetic impersonations are not real. If the sun, for instance, were a man or woman, to-day he might rise in the East, to-morrow in the West, and the day after, perhaps, not at all. The moon, were she human, might this month fill her horn most copiously, and at some other, during a temperance revival, or something of the kind, repent that she had ever done it at any time, and deny her silver radiance to the night. If the stars were the ladies, whose eyes they resemble, they would at some period find it vulgar and unfashionable to twinkle in the blue vault of heaven, and be shooting and gadding about in every direction. Indeed, if they were females, I am afraid they would be very apt to fall! The Polar Star, disgusted with the North Pole, would try the Equator, by way of a change, and wreck half the shipping on the sea. If the ocean were under the government of such a human god as Neptune, and he in a passion, just think of the consequences.

No! we don't want the sylph-like flowers to paint and perfume themselves anew, the sun to stand still or go back, or the moon and stars to forget 'their proper spheres'; but to obey the laws of Nature, which man refuses to, because he imagines that he knows better than she does, although he pays the penalty of his conceit and wilfulness in a thousand diseases, in pain and suffering, in premature old age and death.

R. W. P.

[For the Saturday Press.]

St. Valentine Victorious.

BY EDWARD H. HOUSE.

On Monday evening, the evening of the 13th of February, the well-ordered mansion of Mrs. Jenkinson Sparkes exhibited a gay confusion. Fashion and taste and beauty had contributed the best they could afford to the success of this popularly respected lady's most brilliant social effort of the season. All artistic, bibulous, and gastronomic resources, had been invoked to magnify the splendor of the occasion. Differing in no definite respect from the multitude of similar convocations which every New York Winter witnesses, it was yet proclaimed, with much extravagance of emphasis—especially within hearing of Mrs. Jenkinson Sparkes—to be the most delightful assemblage ever at any time known, and probably ever to be known. Joyous flutterings of Mrs. Jenkinson Sparkes's jewelled fan revealed the ecstasy each repetition of this flattering phrase imparted to her.

The usual proportions of human brightness and dulness were there. The shadowy gloom of the preponderating element was to a certain extent relieved by the radiance of the few, whose brilliancy did not all proceed from Tiffany and Genin. They, of course, found their advantage in their isolation. The weakness of their numbers aided the strength of their position. It is perfectly in order to say, that as the lightning always performs with best effect in the murkiest atmosphere, so this lively minority—which, after a gradual and sympathetic cohesion, refused to mingle with the baser crowd—gleamed more resplendent by reason of the surrounding obscurity. And the manner in which it flashed its perpetual superiority, was one of the most cheerful things in the world to contemplate.

Just after the hour sacred to pink champagne, pâte de foie gras, mayonnaise, creamy congelations, and kindred glories, when the invasion of the drawing-rooms had recommenced, when the music was silent, and the dainty langour of appetite appeased precluded all idea of brisk activity, the clever congeries took unto itself a corner, and flickered conversationally.

"We are close upon the Fourteenth," suggested Mr. Dudleigh Purl.

"The fourteenth what?" asked Mrs. Vincent Brookes.

"Of February, to be sure," said Mr. Purl.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Brookes, "what a memory for dates! I thought it was the fourteenth ball of the season, or the fourteenth epigram of to-night, or something important."

"I call it important," said Mr. Purl.

"And so do I," said Mr. Tompkins Tetherly, a sprightly youth of rising fifty, whose pathetic tone just now made everybody laugh.

"Why important?" asked two or three.

"A touching anniversary," said Mr. Tompkins Tetherly.

"A day consecrated to bleeding hearts," said Mr. Dudleigh Purl.

"O, yes," said one lady, "the day when tattered affections are sewed up."

"When Cupid turns tinker," said another, "and solders divided sympathies."

"When very red things are served by the brace, and on queer skewers, in every shop window," said a third.

"The day of strong adjectives and weak ideas," said Mrs. Vincent Brookes.

"When everybody is heart-broken except Boyd and his carriers," said the last gentle cynic.

"What do you think, Mr. Bashford?" said Mrs. Brookes.

"I think," answered that gentleman, "that you are all burning with impatience to get scores of Valentines."

"O, for shame, Mr. Bashford!" said many feminine voices, simultaneously reproachful.

"Very likely," said Mr. Bashford.

"To be sure," said Miss Grace Dymonde, "I should never refuse to receive one of those things, you know, if it were very neat, and pretty, and all that."

"And expensive," said Mr. Bashford.

"Certainly," said Miss Dymonde.

"Now what do you think, Julia?" asked Mrs. Brookes of a young lady who had ventured no opinion.

"I object to them," said Miss Julia Larcher. "Be warned, gentlemen, send me no such soft messengers. I wont be adored by rule. I protest against manufactured devotion, and as for sentimental stationary, it is detestable."

"Now stop, Miss Larcher," said Mr. Tompkins Tetherly, "stop, before matters grow serious. If this is your state of mind, what is to become of the elaborate compositions I have prepared with a view to your particular acceptance."

"I am very sorry, sir; I think you must transfer them to some worthier object. I am relentless."

"But I can't transfer them, you know. I spent two hours detecting a rhyme for Julia. At last I hit it—Julia, peculiar; peculiar, Julia. I don't know any other Julia. Besides I can't make my verses hang becomingly, like a ready-made coat, upon any person that comes along. Consider, Miss Larcher."

"Mr. Tetherly, you fill me with grief; but I don't see how I can make an exception. You see I am going to be absolute and unconditional."

"Mrs. Brookes," demanded Mr. Tetherly, "do you know any available young person whose name is Julia, and whose attributes are particularly heavenly? Because I can't have my verses lost, on any terms."

"Miss Larcher is jesting," said Mr. Bashford.

"No, sir; I am not jesting. I am not horribly serious, but still I am sufficiently in earnest to beg not to be molested to-morrow. I have satisfied myself that of all follies of custom, the Valentine folly is worst. So any of you who value my wish will send me no gilt-paged and perfumed nonsense."

"Miss Larcher assumes that her danger is imminent," said Mr. Bashford.

Miss Larcher's keen eyes flashed in a manner significant of dissatisfaction at this thrust; but she answered very quietly, "I seek simply to protect myself, sir."

Then other subjects arose.

The next morning, while Mr. Frank Bashford wrote insincere endearments on imposing sheets of dazzlingly decorated note-paper, Mr. Tompkins Tetherly came upon him.

"All right, my boy," said Mr. Tetherly; "now I am comfortable. I found a Julia, last evening, who fits my verses tolerably well. Her hair is red, to be sure, and I hint at glossy blackness; but that is not my affair. Do you think that is my affair?"

"Not particularly."

"No, not to speak of. Well, my verses are going to make a sensation. You see Julia Larcher did the wrong thing. Any woman ought to be glad to get those verses. Wait and see the effect when she finds out. It'll be a moral study, sir, that's just what it'll be."

"Ah, Julia Larcher. An odd idea that was. But no

matter" — and Mr. Bashford folded together his missives, and began to write their addresses.

"Not much, not much," said Mr. Tetherly, "it's quite unimportant. Apropos of unimportant things, shall you be at Tarlington's to-night?"

"Who else goes?"

"All our party of last night are expected. O, go and see Julia Larcher when she hears about my verses! I tell you, sir, there's an opening for a psychologist."

"Tetherly, will you dispose of these things?"

"Mail-box? Valentine business, evidently. Let me look at the addresses?"

"Of course."

"Why, see here, Bashford—— Well, Bashford, you are a bold man."

"Bold?"

"Yes, indeed. Bold! why, you're a gladiator. No matter; you can take care of yourself. You can rely upon me. Good-day."

And Mr. Tetherly dashed away with that vigor which is characteristic of experienced and determined youthfulness.

When Mr. Frank Bashford crossed the threshold of Mrs. Dedenham Tarlington's drawing-room, the first person that assailed him was Mr. Tompkins Tetherly.

"By Jove, Bashford!" began that elastic gentleman, "you're in trouble. I thought it would be so, and you know I warned you against it. I did all I could, but somehow you never will take counsel from any of us young fellows."

"What's the matter, Tetherly?" said Mr. Bashford.

"Matter! well, you may call it what you like; matter, if you choose. Only remember that I warned you."

"Well, disclose."

"Julia Larcher, don't you see—stop, is anybody listening? no—Julia Larcher is in a temper that will frighten you, sir."

"That's appalling."

"Well, you may laugh, but it's all owing to the valentine you sent her. I tell you, sir, when she spoke to me about it the fire came out of her eyes like roman candles, and each word snapped like a percussion-cap."

"The valentine I sent her?"

"To be sure."

"But I sent her none."

"Oh, come now, Bashford, this is too bad. Consider, my dear fellow, I mailed it myself.

"My poor Tetherly, go and put straws in your hair; you're growing insane."

"It won't do a bit. I took it myself; and you remember I said to you, 'Now, Bashford, be cautious, and don't send this, because there'll be a difficulty.' Don't you remember that?"

"Tetherly, age is weakening your mind."

"Bashford, what the devil do you mean? I never heard you talk such nonsense in my life!" and Mr. Tetherly strode away in a dignified huff.

This conversation set Mr. Bashford to thinking with unusual earnestness. It presently occurred to him that he might, after all, have committed the extraordinary error of misdirecting some one of his tender testimonials, as Mr. Tetherly had hinted. This certainly must be investigated; so he turned about and sought Miss Larcher.

Presently he caught a distant view of her; it was clear that she saw him, too. He aimed a salutation at her, but it reached her without effect. She showed color in her cheeks, but made no other sign.

As he drew very near, a faint buzzing as of malicious curiosity arose. Mr. Tetherly, it appeared, had not been idle in heralding the entertainment of the evening.

Miss Larcher stood firm and rather unnecessarily erect as he accosted her. Little groups gathered as close as appearances would allow, and turned eager ears in the direction of the rencontrants.

"Miss Larcher, good evening."

Miss Larcher's eyes rested upon him like the reflection of a sunbeam from an icicle. The feeblest acknowledgment that courtesy would admit of was all she vouchsafed.

"Are you ill, Miss Larcher?"

"No, sir."

"I have interrupted you, perhaps."

"Not at all, sir."

"Possibly you are annoyed at something."

"Possibly."

"I understand you. Then Mr. Tetherly must have been right. In two words, Miss Larcher, I can remove your indignation, if you will permit me."

"I think sir, that silence would be better than excuses."

"But I have no excuses to make, only a misapprehension to correct. The objectionable note," said he, letting his voice fall, to the distraction of the feminine listeners near by, "was not intended for you at all."

"This is absurd, sir," said Miss Larcher, in a voice the least bit changed.

"It is absurd, indeed," said he, "but still accidental."

"I am fatigued;" said Miss Larcher; "let me sit in this window"—and she withdrew a few steps to a partially secluded corner, drawing Bashford after her with her eyes.

"Now, sir" she continued, with a small forced laugh, "do not try to deceive me. The matter was better as it was before."

"You may be sure, Miss Larcher, that I tell you exactly the fact. It was a mistake, natural, perhaps, but unintended."

"Why, what is this?" suddenly broke in Mrs. Vincent Brookes, who had been suffering inexpressible agonies since the conversation failed to reach her, and who adopted a bold coup de société to master the position of affairs. "What is the subject that makes you both so solemn?"

"Nothing that interests you, my dear," said Miss Larcher calmly.

"Do you know," added Mrs. Brookes, struggling to retain a foothold, "that Grace Dymonde is here, just arrived, with the most superb wreath of jewels anybody ever saw?"

Even at this, Miss Larcher showed no weakness. Whatever may have been the tumult within her, she preserved an outward composure, and Mrs. Brookes, quite baffled, went away in anger.

"Miss Dymonde, now," said Bashford—"I did send to her. Or, perhaps, dear me, I wonder, then—" and he began to laugh.

"What, Mr. Bashford! do you mean to tell me that the verses I received were meant for Grace Dymonde?" asked Miss Larcher, with deeper flushes in her cheeks.

"How can I know," answered he; "what were they about?"

Miss Larcher repeated the first two lines.

"Ah, you remember them, then. Well, yes, they should have gone to her. Are you satisfied at last?"

If Miss Larcher were satisfied, nothing could be more singular than her manner of expressing it. First she seemed covered with confusion. Then she grew a bit paler, and finally said, half sternly:

"And those were written for Grace Dymonde?"

"Why not?"

"Mr. Bashford, how could you write such things to Grace Dymonde?"

"O, easily! Sentimental stationary, you know, is of little account, and manufactured devotion is nothing at all."

"Do you assure me, then sir, that you——"

"Well, I am waiting, Miss Larcher."

"Nothing, sir."

"O!"

But Frank Bashford was no bête. A few seconds of rapid reflection brought convictions to him that were probably of no unpleasant nature, as he smiled quite radiantly.

"Miss Larcher," said he, after a little pause, "I think your displeasure is directed especially against fourteenth of February protestations."

"The reason is, sir, that they all fail in sincerity and truth"

"And if they did not?"

"I should be glad to see the one that did not."

"Miss Larcher, the fourteenth still lasts. It is now nine o'clock. Will you dance with me soon after ten?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Where shall I look for you?"

"Come here."

For half an hour Frank Bashford was unseen. Glowing, impatient, half doubting, half assured, Miss Julia Larcher awaited him, never moving from her rendezvous. Assaults from Mrs. Vincent Brookes and others were repelled with elegant success.

I know that the bit of paper he brought with him, when he came, was not despised, but read with timid consciousness of all its sincerity and truth, and in brief time enshrined where none but the good letters go. I know too, that the dancing appointment was all forgotten.

The rest that I know, the reader also knows, I am sure.

☞ All communications relating to theatrical or musical matters should be addressed to "Personne, Dramatic Editor of The Saturday Press."

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Nil Admirari.

A great many very nice persons of both sexes—persons who are very good, very clever, and very philanthropically inclined—persons, in fact, who have tender hearts, fine sensibilities, artistic inspirations, and many more delightful things which I can only, alas! admire, and not share—have lately been much exercised in their minds at the rapid increase of élèves in the Nil Admirari School,—an educational institution where, in one way and another, one has to pay pretty well for his learning.

Mille de tonnerres! What a long sentence!

Do not alarm yourself, I am not going to preach a sermon.

I am afraid that my style has been corrupted by reading "Leaves from Nature." Nature is a good thing to do, but guide-books are never entertaining.

We are, however, talking about art, which, in this line of country, is not at all like nature.

I do not purpose to defend the Nil Admirari School. I do not hold my chair in it for that purpose. To the purist of this delightful sect, all things are the same,—weakness and strength, right and wrong, praise or blame; the only question is, To what does it lead, what is it all worth? It is nothing that comes from nothing, and there remains nothing but nothing.

The whole public, with here and there an exception, the personal friend of an actor or actress, or some persons whose taste, or want of it, makes them incline to the coulisses, belongs to the Nil Admirari School.

The public is not such a fool as you may imagine.

The public doesn't think that, so far as theatres go, there is such a wonderful amount of genius floating about, even in the metropolis.

Actors and actresses snugly rolled up in the blanket of egotism, fancy themselves admired of gods and esteemed of men and women. The public laughs and says nothing.

The public don't consider itself bound to be bored to death during four mortal hours for the sake of one good scene which may last five minutes.

The public is not a wet-nurse, either. It will not go about to seek adolescent artists, feed them with pap, put purple and fine linen upon them, and then bow down and worship them.

Not exactly.

Yet this hard-hearted public can have its little excitements as well as another. See how it hailed Patti, who sprung, like Minerva, a full-fledged artist from the brain of Jove. Mark how it dissolves for *Jeannie Deans*. Regard the real enjoyment which it has at the Circus!

As for art, in its real sense, if we leave out the opera, we are in the desert. The public knows that as well as you or I, and shrugs its shoulders at the pretences of quacks and humbugs.

And the Subscriber, having no fixed rules of thought or action, no settled principles or ideas, no friends to reward, nor enemies to punish—and looking with mild compassion on people who have—belongs to, sides with, and, as nearly as may be, represents the views of the public. That is, like the public, he don't think it worth while having any views about art when there isn't any art to have them about.

Some of these thoughts occurred to me the other night, when I saw *Oliver Twist* for the second time.

The piece, since its first performance, has been much improved, but it is still unsatisfactory. Its comedy is generally serious, and its seriousness is painfully comic. According to the profound definition of the Youngest and Loveliest, it must be a pure comedy.

She is good as well as young and passing fair, but the manager must not be permitted to hide behind her crinoline. Read his modest announcement:

> The character of Nancy Sykes, then played by Charlotte Cushman, being the character in which she first clutched her dramatic crown, will be sustained by Matilda Heron; Fagin the Jew, and Bill Sykes, will find representatives in J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Geo. Jordan, and never, perhaps, as a whole, did characters fall into the hands of artists better fitted to them than those who will constitute the dramatic picture to-night.

Why the Heron should play Nancy, because the Cushman "clutched her dramatic crown" in it (which she didn't, by the way), passes my comprehension. In fact, to use a phrase which I perceive has obtained a somewhat extended popularity, I don't see it.

It seems that Matilda "condescends" to play *Nancy Sykes*. Who is this person to whose "condescension" we are indebted for a mediocre performance? Never mind!

It is not however of Matilda Heron that I speak, particularly.

It is of the Winter Garden, the only theatre in the United States, so far as I know, that is conducted under the supervision of a gentleman by birth, education, culture, and association.* It is here that we should look for dramatic art, if anywhere. Let us take a scene of *Oliver Twist* and see how near they come to the proper standard.

First, as to the murder of *Nancy Sykes*:

In order to be clearly understood, I quote the author's description:

> The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.
>
> "Bill, Bill," gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear, "I—I—won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done."
>
> "You know, you she-devil," returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night; and every word you said was heard."
>
> "Then spare my life, for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. O! think of all I have given up this one night for you. You shall have time to think and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have."
>
> The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear as he would, he could not tear them away.
>
> "Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country, where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and, far apart, lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so; I feel it now; but we must have time—a little, little time!"
>
> The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired, flashed across his mind, even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.
>
> She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.
>
> It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer, staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

This terrible scene is so clumsily rendered on the stage as to make every one laugh. After struggling in the approved stage-fashion for ten seconds, during which Nancy repeats some incoherent expressions, Bill drags her off as is supposed into another room, when they had none other, and is there presumed to kill her. Returning, he goes across the stage, à la Bowery, looking at his paws incarnadined, and saying "There's blood upon my hands, she's dead! she's dead!" goes into another impossible apartment. The public grins audibly. It really can't help it. And that is art!

Take Wallack's, as well, with the *Poor Young Man* leaping from the tower, which feat must inevitably have resulted in the breaking of his neck. It is equally as absurd as the hanging of Bill Sykes by a hook in his coat collar.

I am afraid that if these things are permitted to go on, our School will have more pupils than we can well accommodate.

* Mr. Bourcicault might be an exception to this statement, but he is only temporarily the manager of Laura Keene's Theatre. He is almost the only person connected with the American stage who understands the requirements of the drama of to-day.

Faits Divers.

That piquant actress and pretty woman, Fanny Morant, who has broken the hearts of all the poor young men and jeunesse dorée about Wallack's, has 'gone and been and done and got married' to a person of the name of Smith. They all do it. I remember that the original A. M., or one of 'em, took out her bonded certificate in the name of one of the Smith family. He was 'in a store,' and had a governor with large amounts of brown-stone fronts, corner-lots, and things of that kind.

So she couldn't see genius and the moral virtues in the person of the Subscriber. However, I had my revenge on this particular Smith: years passed on and I met him not. At last, at last he came.

Time had only deepened the sense of injury in my breast.

My vengeance was terrible; but, considering my wrongs just, I induced Le Chauve to send Smith aforesaid a private box, and he had to stand the whole of *Lesbia*.

The next evening he was on his way to Utica. . .

The men at the Club object to Smith, Fanny Morant's Smith; they think of calling him out, in the following order: Joseph Balsamo, 1; Edward the Blonde, 2; the last of the Stewarts, 3; the Baron, 4; Page, 5; Whiskers, 6; Personne, 7. Probably that will finish off Smith, but if it don't, the Virginian Colonel and the Orleanian apostle can have a matinée with him next Summer.

The French *Courier*, which makes jokes, sometimes, alluding to the marriage of a negro-minstrel with a rich young woman whose parients didn't see it, thinks that the father-in-law of the happy man ought to have chanted *Leave that girl alone*. The subscriber, with deference, suggests that there may be an opportunity of a private performance of the pretty little French comedy, *Otez votre fille, s. v. p.*

The father of the little girl who was burned to death last year at Macon, Georgia, has erected an expensive monument to her memory, with, as an epitaph, some nonsense about the sighs of love not bringing her back to life again. When it is understood that the child's life might have been saved by the expenditure of a few shillings for lamp-screens, it is evident that the monument is a bad financial speculation, unless it is intended as an advertising dodge.

The Christy Minstrels at Niblo's Saloon are worth doing occasionally.

The Boston *Courier* says that the Wood-season opened at *the* Theatre of that village, on Monday, to a "dismally thin house, and the voices of the actors resounded in lugubrious hollowness." Come back, O Queen of the Soubrettes! and I'll engage that the W. G. shall not display one vacant stall. What, as I have before remarked, what is a Garden, Winter or Summer, without Wood? Likewise bring with you the serious Jefferson, and the fascinating Davenport. We have had sensations enough. We are bored to death. We want to laugh.

The Philadelphia *Dispatch* has a notice of a distinguished young American actress, which 'critique' I recommend to the young man of the Sunday *Times*. The advice I reprint (omitting the lady's name), as it is very good for some people hereabouts:

> Her style of elocution is absurdly unnatural, and miserably weak in its affectation. When she does not drawl like a Quaker preacher, she gasps like a Methodist exhorter at a camp-meeting. The interjection ah is tacked on to some of her words as a prefix, and tagged on as a suffix. For instance—"Ah that ah voice! It is, ah: it is, ah—ah my ah husband!"

The city theatres are doing a moderate business, Laura Keene's and Niblo's keeping the lead.

In Irving Place.

Back to Irving Place on Monday came the Linnet of Twenty-second street, with all her suite; the graceful, elegant Brignoli, decked with histrionic laurels cultivated on Boston Common; the rotund Amodio; the square, solid, Major Susini; the handsome Ferri, with his mezzo voce; and so on.

It was the *Puritani*, with Patti, and everybody came. There was Anna Maria in all the glory of a new bonnet with a projecting crown exactly like the bow of a clipper-ship (awfully in the way these things are sometimes; I don't know after all but that I like the little hats better); then there were Les Trois Mousquetaires just returned from arranging the Terpsichorean affairs of the Nation at Washington (they managed twenty-three parties in ten days which isn't so bad for an off-hand); likewise all the children of Israel, masculine and feminine; all the subscribers, including the patriots who furnished the 'demnition cash' to bring out Esperanza, Crescimano and Albertini; all the pretty women and ugly critics; the entire free list which always growls at the performance; a small deputation from Orange county; a lady and gentleman from Attica on a bridal tour; and a good deal of Peoria.

Patti was delightful in the first act of the Puritani. The polacca, with which I have some slight acquaintance, and the finale, were charmingly rendered. The gem of the night, however, was the *A te o cara*, which has never been so well sung here since Mario. I don't notice any very remarkable improvement in Brignoli's manner of getting on and off and around the stage; but he certainly sings better than before. Patti's acting is more graceful, and considering her very brief experience before the lamps, is remarkably good.

On Wednesday, the *Barber* drew famously. There was a better house than that which greeted La Grange when she made her début in the same opera. The first act I enjoyed very much. Acting and singing very good. Patti's *Rosina* very fresh and charming after the elderly prime ladies who have preceded her in the rôle; it was really refreshing. As a gentleman from the Jerseys remarked, she "looked pretty enough to eat."

In the music lesson, she shocked the weak nerves of numerous legitimate people by introducing "Comin' through the Rye," in the sentiment of which ballad I quite agree, but it is a little old. Why not give us "Wait for the Wagon," or "A little more Cider for Miss Dinah," or something equally good in the touching and sentimental way?

However, badinage apart (I don't do it often since I have been disappointed in love), it was generally voted, like Mancini, a good *Barber*, and it will bear doing again.

The Opera prospects are very bright, all owing to little Patti. The managers will have those corner-lots after all.

The irrepressible conflict with Gazzaniga has been settled, and she will sing in *Safo*, next week.

I hear that negotiations are pending between an agent of Madame Cortesi and Ullmann, by which she will sing at the Academy in April. She will bring out the new tenor Musiani, et and all.

Personne.

DEATH OF BURTON.

As this paper is going to press, I hear of the death of the finest comedian of the age. Mr. William Evans Burton expired at his residence in Hudson street, on Friday morning, 10th inst., at the age of fifty-six.

The name and fame of Mr. Burton render eulogiums upon his life superfluous. As Johnson said of Garrick, "his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

Combining in one and the same person the splendid artist, the eminent belles-lettres scholar, the polished and graceful writer, the most genial of hosts, and the most delightful of raconteurs on ship or shore, by the social hearth or the festive board, in every relation Mr. B[illegible] left his impress upon the "very age and body of the time."

He leaves no one to fill his place upon the stage in his p[illegible] vein.

Weep, [illegible]! Mourn all ye rosy-dimpled gods of Mirth! [illegible] himself is dead! E. W.

—A new Art paper is about to be established in Boston by [illegible] & Tolman, music publishers. It will be called The Boston Musical Times, and will be published semi-monthly. It is understood that Mr. Henry G. Parker will be the editor, and Messrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, F. H. Underwood, Charles Sprague, Jr., and others, will contribute regularly.

—The second volume of Dr. Palfrey's "History of New England" is nearly ready for publication.

—The March number of *Harper's Monthly* will contain an article by Thackeray, on Irving and Macaulay.

—The next number of *Harper's Weekly* will contain the First Journey of "The Uncommercial Traveller," an occasional series of journeys, by Charles Dickens; and the commencement of "The Mistress of the Parsonage," a new serial story of American Life, by Ella Rodman.

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[From the Welcome Guest.]

DR. JOHNSON: A FAIRY TALE

TOLD TO MY DAUGHTER ON NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY ROBERT B. BROUGH.

I would have you, Miss, to know,
In a time, so long ago
That all classes, high or low,
Went about
In the funniest of 'figs,'
Wearing cauliflower wigs,
Some with tails behind like pigs,
Some without;

When each gentleman or lord,
Who the weapon could afford,
Was obliged to wear a sword
To be smart;
When a lady on her face
Sticking-plaster used to place,
As an ornament and grace,
(What a start!)

In this funny age of yore,
At whose follies now we roar,
(I have told you, Miss, before,
'Twas long since!)
Truth's and Wisdom's flag to wave,
The oppressed and weak to save,
There was born a good and brave
Fairy Prince!

And the fairies at his birth,
Who preside o'er human worth,
Gave him gifts to visit earth
Good and bad;
An indomitable heart,
With a conscience prone to start,
And at Evil's slightest smart
To go mad;

A capacious, searching brain,
A contempt for worldly gain,
And a princely true disdain
For a lie;
With a mighty love for all
Of God's creatures great or small,
Whether sent on earth to crawl
Or to fly!

But they placed a cruel spell
(Who shall say it was not well?
For the fairies best can tell
What is best)
On the Fairy Prince's fate;
That should make him pine and wait
For a chance of proving great,
By the test.

They decreed that he should wear
The appearance of a bear,
With a tendency to tear
And to growl;
With the roughness of a hound,
And at times to be spell-bound,
In the sulkiness profound
Of an owl.

While they pinched his giant frame
With more pains than I can name,
And a pride, that nought could tame,
Made him bear,
With a scorn for lordly gifts,
Through innumerable shifts,
Where, of wintry want, the drifts
Blind the air!

But the spell was to be moved,
When the prince his work had proved,
And his claim to be beloved
Clearly shown.
Shall I tell you how he wrought,
With what kind of arms he fought,
For the noble end he sought,
All alone?

Of his gallant deeds, but few
I have time to tell to you,
But, attend to one or two—
Three or four.
He an humble dwelling stocked,
Where the poorest sufferers flocked;
To affliction, never locked
Was the door.

An old dame—not over-kind
Or good-tempered—merely blind!
In his home could refuge find,
And respect;
With a simple negro clown,
And a druggist, broken down,
Whom he met in London town,
Sorely wrecked!

Though he kept them all by work
Which the stoutest now would shirk,
On the wages of a clerk—
Less than that!
Ne'er the least complaining word
Was by these dependents heard:
He could e'en respect a bird,
Nay, a cat!

He could snatch from jail a friend,
And his only guinea lend,
Glowing pages e'en he penned
For a thief,
And a trickster, doomed to die,—
Lines a monarch could not buy,
He could lavish, tears to dry
Shed by grief.

But the greatest of his deeds
That his loving student reads,
Over which the whole heart bleeds
Of mankind,
Is an act of courage grand
Which you scarce can understand,
Till the truths of life expand
Your young mind.

Yet I'd have you know the fact
In its bearings all exact,
That the greatness of the act
You may grasp;
When the lessons none may spurn
You have been compelled to learn,
And amid the grapes discern
Where's the asp.

When this goodly man was old,
On a night so wet and cold,
As towards his home he strolled,
He espied
In the bitter London street,
Lying, drenched with rain and sleet,
A poor girl with naked feet,
Who had died

Of the cruel, cruel cold,
If this sage, so worn and old,
Had by accident not strolled
Where she lay;
He was torn by illness' wrack,
His old joints were fit to crack,
But he bore her on his back
Safe away,

Through the streets without a fear—
You must understand, my dear,
That the girl I speak of here
Was not good;
And, for reasons strange to you,
'Twas a daring deed to do,
Bringing consequences few
Had withstood.

But the Doctor (so he's named),
Ne'er by deed of mercy shamed,
His true Christian heart proclaimed,
Scandal braved,
And his noble task performed,
While the bitter tempest stormed,
Till the girl was lodged and warmed,
Aye, and saved!

Shall I tell you the reward
Of this Christian Greatheart's sword?
'Twas that sovereign and lord,
Sage and fool,
At his bearing checked their mirth—
Grew to recognise his worth,
As a prince upon the earth,
Fit to rule;

And beneath the bearish skin
Saw the lovely soul within,
And were proud to claim him kin—
Aye, the best!
In their hearts they made him room,
And shed tears above the tomb
Where he waits the crack of doom
With the blest.

O! my little fairy girl,
Of my household chain the pearl,
Of this gentle-hearted churl
Learn the life!
Learn, like him, to stand the test,
And the husband shall be blest,
Born to clasp thee to his breast
As a Wife!

[For the Saturday Press.]

THE CHILD'S FIRST LESSON.

A Shooting Star.

'Twas a Summer evening. A mother sat by an open window with a young child resting on her lap. She had been kindly chiding him for absenting himself from her all day; endeavoring to instil a lesson in the young mind by carefully handling the feelings of the heart.

The little one gazed in its mother's face, and encircling her neck with its tiny arms, said, in the sweet accents of affection, that comes only from the infant voice, "Aubrey do love mamma very much!" "O, no," the mother said, "Aubrey cannot love mamma very much, because he does not stay by mamma's side; and all good little boys, when they see their mammas, run to them, but Aubrey never runs to me." The child was silent for a moment, then, pressing his fair cheek against his mother's brow, sobbed, "Aubrey never do so any more."

Bedtime came. The boy, still resting on his mother's lap, clasped his little hands together, raised his eyes toward the sky, and began sweetly lisping the child's first prayer. Suddenly he stopped, and pointing with his finger, said, "O, see how very fast that little star runs! How much it must love its dear mamma!"

R. W. P.

THE GREAT OYSTER ARTIST.

The Crayon gives an account of a newly discovered artist on Long Island who excels in painting oysters. He resides at the very appropriate locality of Oyster Pond Point. Some people may think the account of the Oyster artist a quiz on the Ruskin style of art-criticism. Perhaps it is.

While Cropsey, Casilear, Kensett, Church, Durand, and their associates, are continually adding to their high reputations, and Tait and Hays give us their well-studied portraitures of animal life, the name of one who has at length opened a new path to American art, and who in a short time has come to be popular in our neighborhood, deserves some notice from those who are interested in its progress. I allude to a rising young man, Matthew Pfitzer, "Oyster painter." Pfitzer, when a boy, manifested an unmistakable love for the whole family of bivalves; they were his pets, the companions of his play-hours. He has been known to steal away from school, and seek the company of that worthy class of commercial men, the oyster-dealers, and few of their number were better acquainted with the peculiar habits of their commodity than the subject of this sketch. Long before the down appeared that foreshadowed the luxuriant moustache that renders Pfitzer's face so spiritual, he thoroughly understood the distinguishing characteristics of Little Necks, Blue Points, Cow Bays, Saddle Rocks, Shrewsburys, and so through the long catalogue to the real "Old Virginnies." Pfitzer was, in short, a born lover of Nature.

Almost every leisure moment found Pfitzer in some way or other occupied in his favorite study. As youth, however, began to move toward manhood, some occupation by which to gain his daily bread was naturally thought of. Pfitzer was secretly determined to be an artist. He knew that oysters were perishable, and that Art was immortal. In vain were divers plans proposed for him by his parents; the counting-room and the law with their dry technicalities, and medicine with its drudgery, the ministry with its responsibility, were alike unacceptable. His life, his energies—for his heart was in it—must be devoted to Art. Parents argued and reasoned with Pfitzer, and friends in good society declared they could not tolerate one of the family so employed; but no, his mind was made up, and argument and persuasion were alike unheeded. In this emergency, some good genius, knowing Pfitzer's penchant, whispered that the oyster had no painter. Landseer was famous by his noble pictures of animals, why should not Pfitzer render American art and American oysters equally celebrated? The suggestion was approved of by the elder Pfitzer, and the friends who moved in the best society were reconciled; for an artist, they reasoned, is always an artist, whatever may be his peculiar line of subject.

Matthew was placed with one of the best art-preceptors in our midst, and for a time his progress was slow and almost discouraging. One day, however, he brought to the school a drawing of an oyster. The teacher was astonished, for the attempts of the pupil in trees and figures were entire failures; but here was a production that would do credit, in its way, to an accomplished master.

From this time forth, Pfitzer devoted his energies unceasingly to this branch of art, and rose as if by magic to the position in which his intimate friends now find him. Enter his large and elegant studio. The walls are of a delicate pearly tint (for even here he is true to his love). Over the door, as you enter, hang garlands of seaweed, while brackets of coral hold in their embrace every variety of oyster-shell, from the enormous corrugated specimens of the Eastern waters to the natives of our beds. On the shelves and mantlepiece you see them grouped, as they have been or are to be painted. A large aquarium contains living specimens, for the enthusiastic artist's use when he sees fit to depart from his still-life pictures, to portray the oyster in action. Neither are the representatives of a sister art wanting to render the atmosphere of the place such as a true artist should breathe. Here stands a grand-action pianoforte, while a harp, whose strings a minstrel might delight to sweep, occupies one corner, and a guitar and flute repose over an immense oyster-shell bracket, which, we were told, came from the famous bed opposite Norwalk. It has been whispered that fair maidens find their way to this grotto-like resort, and while the artist transfers in glowing tints his subject to the canvas, soft music lightens the labors of the pencil, thus affording a chance for youth and beauty to playfully boast that they assisted Mr. Pfitzer in this or that successful picture.

"You have lately finished a picture for Mr. ——," said we. "O yes; have you not seen it? I have it here; it has been returned to me to repaint some parts which are too indistinct." Pfitzer then placed on the easel the picture founded on the lines of the poet,

"*Happy as a clam at high water.*"

It would be in vain to attempt an adequate description of this painting. It was sunrise, and in apology for the rather cheese-like appearance of the luminary, Pfitzer said that he didn't pretend to paint the sky—oysters and clams were his speciality; neither did he care much about the truth of the water. We were rather disappointed at first, as there was nothing but an expanse of sky and water, with a strip of sand near the corner of the canvas. We asked where the clam was. "Ah," said the delighted artist, "I knew you would ask that. Do you see that small orifice in the sand?" "Yes." "Well, that's the breathing-hole made by the clam, and that I consider the sentiment of my picture—far down in its sandy bed it sleeps, and as the full tide comes in, the clam is supposed to drink in its delight, and thus aptly illustrate the subject I have painted."

The mystery of the subject was complete, and as this point is considered a great essential in works of art, we confessed to the artist that he had more than accomplished his object.

It would be almost impossible to recount the many works which have been produced by the magic pencil of Pfitzer. A small picture which is now in one of the large private collections of our country, deserves mention. The title is "The Pride of Virginia," and it is nothing less than a large Virginia oyster entirely nude, and reposing on a half-shell. Its fair proportions are just as nature made them, and in this as in all works of our artist, the absurdity of ideal beauty is nobly and boldly repudiated. Pfitzer advocates the not entirely new doctrine that "to the pure all things are pure," and in the case of this picture the motto, which is in letters of gold immediately over the picture, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," shows that he is not fearful of the censure of a prudish and cold-blooded public.

NEGRO FIREMEN.

A Savannah letter to the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, says:

With one or two exceptions, the fire companies of the city, thirteen in number, are composed exclusively of blacks. They are deemed far more efficient than the whites, and many a severe test has proved their superiority. Their semi-annual parades are among the great events of the year, and call out the entire population to witness—gay ladies in coaches, cavaliers, on horseback and afoot, negro nurses with their masters' children, white and black together, alike enjoying the festivities. When the great bell sounds the fire-alarm, Cæsar and Sam, with all the colored host, turn out with alacrity, dressed in parti-colored uniform, each company vying with the others for merit and distinction, encouraging their fellows, and singing and shouting as they run. In these peculiarities they differ little from the fraternity of firemen elsewhere; but when the conflict with the element is over, and they return with the proud consciousness of triumph shining full on every feature, and the beads begot by toil standing on their brows, no Indian brave ever vaunted his prowess or chanted his triumphal song with greater stress than they. In modulated quavers and crotchets, articulated in that peculiar dialect known as "nigger English," and interspersed with frequent whoops and shouts, they chant their individual heroics in sublimest style, and something at the following fashion:

Fish done put out for sartain!
Ki, yah, whoop!
Fish burn um cotton bale; dis nigger cotch um,
Seven am de boys—Nines wuss as bockra,—
Ki-hi-yah!
Whar old Sambo now? good for nuthin nigger!
Couldn't put de fish out nohow, yah!
O, Seven am de fire-boys—
Put out de fish for sartain—
Save de cotton burning,
Ki-hi-yah!

—The fourth and concluding volume of Otto John's "Mozart" has just appeared at Leipsig; and at Stuttgart the second edition of the German translation of Ubilicheff's life of the same great maestro.

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The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-pieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, necessarily, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Morphy, the celebrated Chess Player:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:

June 15, fast 4 seconds.		Aug. 15, fast 18 seconds.	
July 1, " 6 "		Sept. 1, " 23 "	
" 15, " 10 "		" 15, " 28 "	
Aug. 1, " 16 "		Oct. 1, " 32 "	

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,

PAUL MORPHY.

BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 19th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at from seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,

JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:

BOSTON, Sept. 28th, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guaranty, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

GEORGE E. PORTER.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a baulk, as for any one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,

NORMAN WIARD,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

BOSTON, August 29th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The "Waltham," which I purchased some six months since, has given entire satisfaction. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodsham," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,

ALBERT METCALF, 65 Franklin street.

Book Room, 200 Mulberry street,
NEW YORK, Oct. 5th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others.

JAMES FLOY, D.D.

BOSTON, Aug. 9th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction, running regularly at the rate of thirty seconds fast per month.

Capt. GORHAM H. BASSETT.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The watch I bought of you—one of your adjusted Chro. Bal. movements—runs to my entire satisfaction. For the past three months it has not varied more than one minute, and is now running at that rate. It has seen the hardest service in every way in point of locomotion.

Yours truly, C. C. SOMERS.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27th.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.;

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 6920, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours, G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. H., H. & S. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglass, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 29th, 1859.

R. B. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,

WILLIAM B. SUMAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.;

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 5600, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—as have those worn by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as possessing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of excellent time-keepers.

Yours truly, H. L. Snyder.

De Bow's *Review*, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is considered almost unparalleled, equalling the best marine chronometers. More than 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers allege that they have heard not more than half-a-dozen complaints, arising chiefly from accidental derangement or mismanage of the works."

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 182 BROADWAY,
New York.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.

☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEEKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell,	Sam'l. L. Mitchell,	William J. Butler,
John J. Crane,	Dudley B. Fuller,	A. C. Kingsland,
Richard Irvin,	Wm. James Todd,	R. Burkhalter,
George Bulkley,	George T. Cobb,	Wm. R. Kirkland,
Joseph Stuart,	Robert T. Haws,	Chas. Chamberlain,
Henry Stokes,	F. C. Havemeyer,	Robert T. Wilde,
Silas Davis,	William E. Collis,	Rudolph Staudinger,
B. F. Wardwell,	J. P. Robinson,	Wm. B. Nichols,
Henry Camerden, Jr.,	Moses Taylor,	Oscar Varet.
Francis Skiddy,	Charles H. Marshall,	

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE	OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.	11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL,	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 73
ASSETS	$260,641 73

Dividends—JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE ALGER, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,	Thos. W. Pearsall,
Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Elsworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Colles,
William W. Fox,	Sydney Mason,
Richard Tighe,	L. S. Suarez,
Peter Cooper,	John Caswell,
Thomas Morton,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Green,
Moses Taylor,	Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox,	Richard F. Carman,
Josiah Macy,	Henry H. Barrow,
William H. Falls,	Hull Clark,
Joseph W. Corlies,	William C. White,
John D. Wright,	John J. Walker,
Peter S. Titus,	Charles H. Marshall,
Thomas C. Chardavoyne.	Thomas W. Pearsall,
Ralph Mead,	William H. Macy,
Richard Field,	Leonardo S. Suarez,
Irad Hawley,	John Penfold,
Samuel Rayner.	

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.

Frederick Schuchardt,	Jaques Guedin,
Adrian Iselin,	J. F. Girand Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
Robert Lenox Kennedy,	E. Von der Heydt,
Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
N. W. Stuyvesant,	Cornelius Du Bois,
Charles De Rham,	William Schall,
A. McL. Agnew,	George Griswold, Jr.,
William Bloodgood,	Martin Zabriskie,
William F. Cary, Jr.,	Franklin H. Delano,
George A. Robbins,	Hamilton Stydenburgh,
Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr.,	Josiah H. Burton,
David Jones,	R. L. Schieffelin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND on PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853;
36 " " "	1848.
36 " " "	1843;

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		31,396,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00—$1,396,622 12	

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last Report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

INSURANCE.

EMPIRE CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 54 Wall street.

CAPITAL $200,000.
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

In addition to the Insurance of Buildings, Merchandise, &c., this Company pays particular attention to the Insurance of

RENTS AND LEASES.

LINDLEY MURRAY, President.
W. A. BURTIS, Jr., Secretary.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000.

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,

JOSEPH B. VARNUM,	PASCHAL W. TURNEY,
LEONARD APPLEBY,	FRANKLIN H. DELANO,
FRED. H. WOLCOTT,	HENRY V. BUTLER,
WILLIAM K. STRONG,	JOS. B. VARNUM, Jr.,
MOSES TAYLOR,	SAM'L. D. BRADFORD, Jr.,
JAMES O. SHELDON,	BOWES R. MCILVAINE,
DANIEL PARISH,	GILBERT L. BEEKMAN,
J. LORIMER GRAHAM, Jr.,	JOHN C. HENDERSON,
GUSTAVUS A. CONOVER,	LORRAIN FREEMAN,
MARTIN BATES, Jr.,	EDWARD MACOMBER,
DUDLEY B. FULLER,	WATSON E. CASE,
CHARLES E. APPLEBY.	

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 19 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL..............$200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1859.

THE NEW FEATURE IN FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY INCREASED! COST REDUCED!!

The Market Fire Insurance Company,

Is now giving to Parties insuring with it, in addition to the Security of its Cash Capital of

$200,000.

and LARGE SURPLUS, a participation to the extent of

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

in the net profits of its business, which is set apart as a SCRIP FUND, and held by the Company for the Increased Security of its Policy Holders and Protection of its Capital; and when the accumulations of said Fund shall exceed the sum of

$500,000.

the excess will be applied to redeem the Scrip in the order of its issue. These advantages of

ADDITIONAL SECURITY AND REDUCED COST,

must command for the Company a large portion of the business of all discriminating parties, and make it at the same time, directly to the interests of persons having Policies therein, to induce others also to insure in it, to the mutual benefit of all.

Office, No. 37 Wall street, New York.

BENJ. H. HOWELL, President.
ASHER TAYLOR, Vice-President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

☞ The Policies of this Company fully protect Mortgagee's Interests.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	33⅓
Second " " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LOUIS GRAUMANN,
APOTHECARY AND CHEMIST,
696 Broadway.
(N. E. CORNER OF FOURTH STREET.)

GRAUMANN'S CORDIAL,
Elixir of Calisaya Bark.
TONIC, ANTI-FEBRIFUGE, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC.

LOUIS GRAUMANN, 696 Broadway,
N. E. Corner of Fourth street.

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.
CERTAIN CURE.

HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cheap, safe, and agreeable. Price 25 cents.

HEGEMAN & CO.,
Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway.

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

JOHN S. PIERCE,
Importer and Dealer in
CHOICE FRUITS, WINES, TEAS, ETC.,
685 Broadway,
New York.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP is well known, cures TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT-RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. LIQUID ROUGE for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for flushed, red, and heated faces. HAIR DYE, instantly converts red, grey, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD's old established depot, No. 67 Walker Street, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. Hayes, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

The New York Saturday Press,
A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES.
is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT
No. 9 Spruce street, N. Y.
Price $2 a-year.

BRANCH OFFICE,
AT ROGER'S BOOKSTORE, NO. 827 BROADWAY,
where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., ROBERT W. PEARSALL, } Proprietors.

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The SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is one of the liveliest and sauciest of our exchanges.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Courant.

The SATURDAY PRESS is very well edited, and is unquestionably, as a literary journal, a very able one.

From the Burlington Times.

We remain of opinion that the SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest edited and most entertaining weekly paper in New York.

From the Providence Journal.

The most attractive journal for literary men and book-collectors which has fallen under our notice is the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

From the Boston Recorder.

We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to it; and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the issues of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

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We have been much pleased with the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, which strikes us as being the spiciest, frankest, and truest in its criticisms upon literature of any journal out. It contains the completest printed list of new books, and books in press.

From the N. Y. Sunday Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS contains wit enough, and good writing enough to entitle it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

From the N. Y. Traveller.

The SATURDAY PRESS is one of the best weekly papers we have seen. It is of great value to all those who wish to keep au courant of all the new books.

From the N. Y. Leader.

A spirited embodiment of literary Bohemianism.

From the Xenia News.

The sauciest and most piquant of our literary weeklies.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

It is edited with much sprightliness and ability. Its dramatic feuilleton is particularly lively. Altogether, we hold the SATURDAY PRESS and its specialities as a real addition to the best newspaper literature of the day.

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The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—a paper always distinguished for its independence and originality.

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It conducted with great sprightliness and vigor. Its editors are evidently men who do their own thinking, and give independent criticisms on passing events and current literature. It is especially valuable to the literary man and the bookseller, by reason of its publication of the weekly issues of the leading publishing houses in the country.

From the Springfield (Ohio) Journal.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—the sharpest paper on the Continent.

From the Ohio State Journal.

When you take up the SATURDAY PRESS, if you are so fortunate as to be a subscriber to that paper, you seldom lay it down again till you have read the last word. It is the best of papers.

From the Schenectady Daily News.

A paper that cannot be hired to puff what it thinks worthless. The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a valuable antidote to the twaddle of New York weekly paperdom.

From the West Troy Democrat.

The SATURDAY PRESS, is one of the most independent, out-spoken journals it was ever our pleasure to read. The PRESS gives the only complete list of new publications, foreign and home, anywhere to be found. It is therefore invaluable to those desiring to keep themselves posted in literary matters.

From the New York Day Book.

We believe everybody, unless he is a sham and a charlatan, likes this spirited, outspoken sheet. The individuals excepted hold it in holy horror; for the manner it pitches into nonsense of all kinds in its sharp, sententious, Frenchy way, is as refreshing to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is distasteful to the humbugs.

From the Springfield (Ohio) News and Journal.

The sharpest paper in the country.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The SATURDAY PRESS is mainly devoted to current Literary News, Belles Lettres, the Fine Arts, etc., and is one of the best journals of the kind ever published in this country.

From the New York Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

THE SATURDAY PRESS, to which I have before made allusion, though hardly to be called comic, is nevertheless the most witty and intellectually vigorous weekly we have ever had in this city. Its columns always contain a score or more of original jokes, which would startle one into a laugh, or make him cry "good," even at his own funeral.

From the Philadelphia Press.

We are moved by no consideration save genuine merit to commend to the searchers after a good weekly paper, THE SATURDAY PRESS, published in New York by Henry Clapp, Jr. It is really the first attempt in this country at a pure, decent, uninfluenced literary journal, and is free from the nauseating traits of the majority of the weeklies. The criticisms of affairs in the artistic and social realm are intelligent, and always hit straight; the bon mots outsparkle the best things of *Punch*; and a feature alone worthy the subscription is the weekly Book-List, accurately prepared.

From the New York Traveller.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, the sprightliest, raciest, frankest, sauciest, sharpest, wittiest, most piquant, original, outspoken, and sententious American literary weekly.

From the Sunbeam (Batavia).

We esteem it the best journal of its class that is published in America. Its articles are piquant and spicy, and evince not only a high order of talent, but genius on the part of its editor and regular contributors.

From the Fulton County Democrat.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the best and most independent literary paper in the State, with the single exception of the *Home Journal*, which has no particular claims to independence. THE PRESS has all the wit and none of the stupidity of the London *Punch*.

From the Yonkers Herald.

We believe no one who has once bought and read THE SATURDAY PRESS, will be without it afterwards—that is, if he is in any place where it can be obtained.

From the New Haven Palladium.

This literary weekly, now in its second year, we consider one of the ablest purely literary papers published in the United States. It contains each week a Book-List of from one to two columns, embracing all works, American and foreign, just out or to be issued; an admirable chess-column; the best original and selected tales and sketches; spicy and interesting correspondence; a full resume of the week's literary and art intelligence; a very piquant dramatic feuilleton, etc., besides bold and independent editorials upon all prominent topics of the day from the pen of the talented editor. To the literary man, the scholar, the man of business—in fact, to all classes of intelligent readers—this paper just fills a want never before met.

From the New York Dispatch.

We want our readers distinctly to understand that THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is the most saucy, clever, independent, and piquant literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. It is just a little over a year old, and has most ably struggled through the obstacles which always attend the weaning of new publications in the newspaper line. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of all our exchange list, which is over large, with half as much satisfaction as THE SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it, and the subscription-price is only $2 per annum. THE SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to puff anybody or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and is as free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

From the Claremont Courier.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is one of the sharpest and wittiest literary papers in the country. If you want a paper that has some originality about it, subscribe for THE SATURDAY PRESS.

From the Bergen County Journal.

A sparkling, racy sheet, which under its present vigorous management, seems destined to meet with the success it deserves.

From the Hartford Courant.

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